The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1914.

Summary of the News

Returns of the elections held on Tuesday show a large decrease in the Democratic majority in the House. The full returns are not in as we write, but the figures indicated are: Democrats, 223; Republicans, 199; Progressives, 11; Socialist, 1; Prohibitionist, 1. The Democratic majority, which in the present House is 163, will thus be reduced to 11, and possibly, when the returns are complete, to less. In the representation in the Senate there is virtually no change. In New York, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania there were Republican landslides. In New York, District Attorney Charles S. Whitman (Republican) was elected Governor by a plurality estimated at 133,000 over Gov. Martin H. Glynn (Democrat). The deposed Governor, William Sulzer, ran third, polling more than twice the votes cast for the Progressive candidate, Frederick M. Davenport. James W. Wadsworth, jr. (Republican) was elected to the Senate by a plurality of 80,000 over James W. Gerard (Democrat).

The long-postponed decision of Turkey as to her attitude in the war was apparently taken on October 29, when Turkish torpedo-boat destroyers entered the harbor of Odessa on the Black Sea and sank a Russian gunboat. Sebastopol has also been bombarded by the Turkish fleet, assisted by the German cruisers Goeben and Breslau, and reports on Monday stated that Turkish troops, which had long been concentrated on the frontier, had crossed into Egyptian territory.

All this would appear to the simple understanding indistinguishable from a state of war; but the situation, as we write, is far more complicated and peculiar, though not uncharacteristic of Ottoman methods of diplomacy. On Friday of last week an ultimatum was sent to Turkey by the Allies demanding explanations of and reparation for the activities of the Turkish navy, and also disarmament of the two German cruisers and the dismissal of their crews. In reply to this ultimatum the Turkish Grand Vizier appears to have tendered his profound regrets for what has occurred, without, however, suggesting any reparation or alluding to the question of disarmament. Meanwhile, diplomatic relations between the Porte and the Allied countries have been severed, and we may accept Turkey's entry into the war on the side of Germany as an accomplished fact.

The interest of Ottoman intervention lies mainly, as we point out elsewhere, in the effect that it will have upon the position of the other Balkan states and of Italy. It may be taken as probable that Greece will join the Allies. Apart from her historic sympathies with France and England, her material interests, the retention of the Ægean Islands and of Salonica, make it imperative for her to throw whatever resources she has in the scale against the possible victory of Turkey. The position that will be taken up by Bulgaria and Rumania is not so clear. A dispatch to the London *Times*, dated November 1, which professes to be well informed, has already announced the neutrality of the former country. There have been constant rumors of a secret understanding between Bulgaria and Turkey, but even if Bulgaria entered the war against the Allies, and the German cause should prove victorious, it seems not improbable that she might find herself, at the final settlement, so far as any territorial expansion was concerned, ground between the upper and the nether millstones of Austria and Turkey. On the other hand, there is her natural hostility to Servia and Greece, the legacy of the last Balkan war, and her resentment against Russia to disincline her to an alliance with those countries. It is possible, therefore, that in the preservation of neutrality Bulgaria may find the solution of her difficulties. Meanwhile, she is prepared for eventualities, and the mobilization of her second-line troops is reported.

Public sentiment in Rumania has been described as strongly in favor of the Allies, and it is hard to conceive of any presentation of the Turco-German case that should change it, or of the Rumanian Government making a decision that would involve the country in war on the unpopular side. So long, therefore, as Bulgaria shall remain neutral there would appear to be no pressing reason why Rumania should enter the war. The case of Italy is different. As a result of the success of the Teutonic Alliance and Turkey she would be threatened on all sides, in her hard-won colonial possessions of Africa by a recreated Ottoman Empire, in the Adriatic by a powerful Austria-Hungary. The importance which Italy attaches to her interests in Albania was emphasized only last week when she occupied the Island of Saseno, commanding the port of Avlona. It is certainly not mere coincidence that almost simultaneously with the entry of Turkey into the war, the Cabinet of Signor Salandra should have resigned, and the balance of probability is well reflected in the insurance rate of eighty guineas per cent. offered by Lloyds against a declaration of war by Italy on one of the great Powers before the end of November. As we write, the Cabinet has not been reconstituted, but there appears to be a movement on foot for the formation of a coalition government, made up of strong men from all parties.

In consequence of a peculiar and none too creditable agitation in a section of the press, Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg on Thursday of last week resigned his position as First Sea Lord of the British Admiralty. Prince Louis of Battenberg has been a British subject for forty-six years and has served the navy with faithfulness and distinction, owing the high position to which he had attained not to his royal connections, but to his own distinguished merits. He was, however, born in Austria, and on this ground the yellower section of the British press has clamored for his removal. He is succeeded by Lord Fisher, who is regarded as, more than any other man, responsible for the fleet as it is to-day and who thus returns to the post which he held from 1904 to 1910.

The rebellion in South Africa headed by Gen. Beyers and Gen. De Wet has not apparently assumed serious proportions. The Government appears to have taken vigorous action and to have received the support of the overwhelming majority of the Dutch population. Dispatches from South Africa on the subject are somewhat obscure, but the forces of Maritz and of Beyers seem to have been decisively defeated and broken up, and a dispatch to the London *Daily Mail* on Monday stated that an armistice of five days had been arranged with De Wet "presumably in order to arrange peace."

Rehearing on the application of Eastern railways for a general increase in the freight rate was concluded before the Interstate Commerce Commission on October 30. The Commission was expected to consider the case this week, and an early decision was looked for.

Criminal indictments were returned on Monday against twenty-one directors and ex-directors of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. Those indicted are charged under Section 2 of the Sherman Anti-Trust law with "having combined and conspired together with numerous other persons to monopolize commerce consisting in the transportation business."

As a result of consultations between Sir George Paish, on behalf of the British Government, and representatives of the United States, it is understood that a plan has been agreed upon, subject to the approval of the British Government, which will provide a solution of the question of foreign exchange. It is thought that Great Britain will not demand an immediate payment of current and accruing obligations of American business firms, but will provide for acceptances of sixty or ninety days, in which interval the balance of trade may turn in favor of the United States, thus obviating to a considerable extent the shipment of gold abroad.

Another of New York's periodic prison scandals has come to light with the investigation ordered by Gov. Glynn into the administration of Sing Sing by Warden Thomas J. McCormick, who has been suspended. Evidence has tended to show that unusual privileges have been granted to David A. Sullivan, a convict who is serving a term for assisting to wreck a bank in Brooklyn. Sullivan, it is stated, has been allowed to roam about the countryside in an automobile with the warden and has even been permitted to enjoy the night life of Broadway. Mr. McCormick, it may be added, before his elevation to the wardenship of Sing Sing was a plumber, and doubtless an excellent one. The connection, however, between skill in plumbing and the extremely difficult and delicate task of administering a prison is somewhat obscure, save to the seeing eye of the politician.

The deaths of the week include: Dr. Robert Lilley, October 29; Brig.-Gen. John Simpson, October 30; Lieut.-Gen. Adna K. Chaffee, John P. Lyman, Peter S. G. Mackenzie, November 1.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Week

The outstanding fact about the result of the election in the country at large is that our national psychology has not changed. How far it might be possible that the profound impression made upon the nation by the character and ability of President Wilson would save his party from the experience which has invariably attended every party in a similar situation could not be known until the vote was taken; but it was, of course, inevitable that the Democrats would lose a very large part of the lead they had won two years ago. It turns out that their majority in the House has been completely, or almost completely, wiped out, and that in a number of the most important States of the Union they have suffered decisive defeats. This is what has always happened to the party in power when the country has suffered seriously from business depression; and in this instance there entered another factor of very great importance, the return to the Republican ranks of almost the whole body of Progressives which had deserted them in the extraordinary flare-up of 1912. That the party should have come so near holding its own as it has is evidence of soundness and strength, and gives sufficient ground for it to face the national contest of 1916 with courage and self-confidence. What the alignment of parties in that contest will be, it is too early to forecast; and, so far as one vital element in the Democratic victory of 1912 is concerned—the presence of a Progressive ticket in the field—the party will have to reckon on this playing an insignificant rôle. On the other hand, the country may by that time be in the full swing of prosperity, and the Opposition be thus deprived of its biggest card.

Even Mr. Roosevelt's opponents must have a kindly feeling towards him these days. With ex-President Taft, they are quite "reconciled" to what happened to him on Tuesday. Yet they have one justifiable complaint left. He refuses to make any comment on the elections. But how, if he keeps silent, are we to know what they signify? We have come to depend upon him to explain everything that occurs. Upon only one subject does he decline to enlighten his fellow-countrymen, and that is his own defeat. "Not a word." And this from a man who has endless words on every other conceivable topic! On that, he leaves unguided citizens to form their own opinion. Of course, they will make sad mistakes, without his aid to right understanding, but as at present advised, and trusting only to their own feeble lights—and the election returns—they will conclude that Theodore Roosevelt received a terrible blow on Tuesday. All his exertions in the campaign were futile, and every prediction of his fell to the earth. As a political leader, his fortunes are at their lowest ebb. Subject to correction from Oyster Bay, this is what the whole country is saying.

Hope of an eleventh hour—or rather a thirteenth hour—prevention of the inclusion of Turkey in the array of warring states has all along been of the faintest. Mere apology could not, of course, have been accepted as wiping out the acts of war, on a considerable scale, for which Turkey had, whether deliberately and of set purpose or not, made herself responsible; and, on the other hand, the demands made by France and England, requiring the dismissal of the German officers of the Goeben and the Breslau, and the internment of those warships for the remainder of the war, were such as it was hardly possible to expect Turkey to accede to. To say that the Ottoman Government has been between the devil and the deep sea in all this is to put the case too favorably for its unfortunate position. Whatever it might itself desire, supposing that were as clear as noonday, it could not act upon without an overshadowing sense of its weakness in relation to either of the two mighty leagues that are contending for the mastery in Europe. But, so far from its own purpose or desire being clear, it is suffering from internal division that reduces it to a condition bordering on paralysis. Turkey seems to have drifted half-unconsciously into the war, but it is no longer possible that she will be able to extricate herself from it, and it does not seem likely that she will be equal to playing a part of real significance in its development.

Throwing the bars across an ocean gateway of something like three hundred miles—that is what Great Britain's determination to close the North Sea amounts to. After to-day the northern entrance into the North Sea, from Iceland south through the Faroe Islands and the Hebrides, will be lined with a chain of British mines. Neutral commerce for northern Europe must pass in through the Straits of Dover and make its way through a lane of British warships to the vicinity of Holy Island, off the Northumberland coast near the Scottish border, whence the route—"if possible"—will be northeast to Cape Lindesnaes, the southernmost point of the Scandinavian peninsula. This step, according to the British Admiralty, has been forced by the planting of German mines off the north coast of Ireland, evidently from neutral ships. But if mines can be planted from neutral ships, it is plain that even the route designated by the Admiralty along the east coast of Great Britain must be carefully watched. So that actually neutral commerce will henceforth be passing through a gantlet of British ships sharply on the lookout for such desultory mischief as the dropping of an isolated mine or two. The patrol duty now exercised by the British navy will grow closer than ever. But, on the other hand, the navy will be largely released from patrolling the three hundred miles of sea from the Scotch coast to the Scandinavian peninsula, since the chain of mines from the Hebrides to Iceland will serve just as effectually to keep German ships from making a dash into the open.

In deciding to bar the way into and out of the North Sea except by the Straits of Dover, the British Admiralty has probably foreseen that dissatisfaction will be aroused among the smaller neutral nations of North Europe, notably Norway and Denmark, whose fishing interests seem bound to suffer. If the whole of the North Sea becomes a military area, a menace to peaceful navigation except along well-defined lanes, the difficulties under which the fishing industries of the Scandinavian countries have been carried on will increase enormously. A very large part of Norway's fisheries, the total value of which is probably twenty million dollars a year, is carried on off the coast of Iceland. This, apparently, must suffer. A second ground of irritation will come with the closer supervision that will be exercised over neutral commerce. Great Britain has been looking askance at Norwegian trade, which, it suspects, is largely a shipping trade for the benefit of Germany. Now that neutral ships must all pass through the British cordon in the Straits of Dover and the Channel, there will undoubtedly be exercised a closer right of search, with consequent discontent in the countries affected.

The growing spirit of bitterness between Germans and British which is to be one of the saddest heritages of the world war is illustrated by the resignation of Prince Louis of Battenberg from the British Admiralty, because of his German birth and ancestry. That the Government should permit so able an officer and so unusual a personality to retire under fire can only be ex-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plained on the ground that it has found itself so shaken by the press campaign against Mr. Churchill, and the public impatience with Jellicoe's correct policy of watchful waiting on the North Sea, as to make necessary some compromise. The cruellest rumors have been afloat about Prince Louis; it has been openly said in London that he was a prisoner in the Tower at the moment when he was working day and night at the Admiralty, and his nephews were offering their lives for the country in France. Really, if a man of this type is to be forced out of service by blind popular suspicion because of his birth, one wonders if somebody will not begin to recall how much German blood King George himself possesses and to remember that he is a first cousin of the Kaiser as well. It all bears an unhappy aspect; and so far from allaying the Admiralty's troubles, is bound to create in thoughtful people's minds an impression of weakness at the point where England was supposed to be strongest. If Battenberg can be forced out now, would not Churchill have to go if a serious disaster were reported?

A counterpart to the press campaign in England against Winston Churchill is seen in the bitter criticisms of the German Chancellor printed by Berlin newspapers. Referring to these, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* expresses its surprise that they should have evaded the "rigorous military censorship." This is very nearly an intimation that the attacks on Bethmann-Hollweg are permitted, if not inspired, by the Government. It certainly would be very unfair to the Chancellor to seek to hold him responsible for what has befallen Germany. It is true that the diplomatic negotiations before the war, especially with England, were wretchedly conducted by the German Foreign Office. Open-minded Germans have admitted this. They have doubtless recalled with a sigh the warning uttered by Bismarck in his old age, when he said that "not only military equipment" but a "correct political eye" would be required to guide Germany "through the currents of coalitions to which we are exposed." That correct political eye was wanting in Berlin, during the last week of July, but the Chancellor was not the man chiefly to blame. He was the Kaiser's personal appointee, answerable only to him, and the final decisions were taken out of his hands. One thing for which Bethmann-Hollweg is now assailed in Germany is said by the *Frankfurter Zeitung* to be "his views in regard to Belgium." We presume that the reference is to the Chancellor's frank admission to the Reichstag that the invasion of Belgian territory was a violation of international law. If he had only had an opportunity to consult with our own Professor Burgess, he would have discovered that the neutrality of Belgium had no warrant in law or treaty!

A most welcome announcement is that made by the Rockefeller Foundation, of its plans for the relief of the non-combatant sufferers in the war-stricken countries of Europe. The immediate shipment to Belgium of food supplies to the value of nearly $300,000 is but a first instalment of the great work contemplated. That the succor extended to destitute and starving human beings, though directed by no partiality as between the nations affected, will in the main go to Belgium for a long time to come, may be regarded as practically certain; and this not only because the suffering there is most widespread and the need most urgent, but for another reason even more vital. In all the other countries, the resources of the nation remain comparatively intact, and accordingly help, though not in adequate measure, is sure to be forthcoming in great quantity from the fellow-countrymen of the sufferers. In Belgium, almost the whole land has felt the devastating scourge of the war, its industries have been paralyzed, and a large part of the land laid waste by fire and sword. If the Belgians are to be saved from starvation it must be through help from other countries. In taking hold of this great labor of mercy, the Rockefeller Foundation has gone about its task not only upon the large scale which its financial resources make possible, but with that intelligence, foresight, and care which mark its operations generally, and which have characterized in general the philanthropic activities initiated by Mr. Rockefeller, thus vastly increasing the amount of good accomplished.

The one drawback that might possibly exist in the making of this great contribution is, as a matter of fact, non-existent. Were it not for the appalling extent of the need, the fact that the Rockefeller Foundation had taken hold might serve to make ordinary contributors feel less called upon to help. In reality, however, great as may be the sums which the Foundation will devote to the purpose, they will fall far short of supplying even the most desperate needs, not to speak of providing in anything like sufficient degree for the relief of those sufferers who are in sore straits though not in downright danger of starvation. It is upon our country that the duty and privilege falls of providing help upon a scale corresponding to the requirements of this world-wide calamity. All that we shall do, though we do our best, will go but a small way towards alleviating the unspeakable distress of millions of innocent human beings. Let every person contribute according to his means; and let the result be such, not only in its total but in the multitude of the persons participating, that we shall be able hereafter to look back upon the record with satisfaction.

That "Truth crushed to the earth shall rise again" we all believe; but if "Error, wounded, writhes with pain," he manages to put on a very cheerful face during the process; and though he "dies among his worshippers," he is apt to be an unconscionable time about it. Professor Taussig recently took the trouble to trace as far back as possible the foolish remark about the tariff which has been ascribed to Lincoln and exploited in protectionist quarters for a number of years past. It is usually given in some such form as this: "I do not know much about the tariff, but I do know this much—when we buy goods abroad, we get the goods, and the foreigner gets the money; when we buy goods made at home, we get both the goods and the money." Its first appearance in any form, so far as Professor Taussig was able to discover, was in the *American Economist*, nearly thirty years after Lincoln's death; and the most diligent inquiry has failed to elicit any authority whatever for the statement that Lincoln ever said anything of the kind.

The prompt action of the Department of Agriculture in stopping the shipments of cattle and hogs from five States—Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan—is thoroughly justified by the rapidity with which the foot and mouth disease spreads, and must meet the approval of all experts in Western live stock. From a sporadic outbreak in Michigan in August, the disease has now reached widely separated sections of the Middle West; were "stockers" and "feeders" shipped as usual to the great centres at Chicago and East St. Louis and thence distributed, the contagion might run a course far more disastrous than that in the British Isles a year ago. By closing the Union Stock Yards and interdicting all shipments, Federal inspectors can isolate the communities in which it has appeared, and kill or treat all the live stock therein. Meanwhile, adjacent but unaffected localities may be opened to the market. Hardship must for a time be wrought, for some markets predict

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a meat shortage, and virtually all a rise in prices. But the situation requires drastic measures, and the more drastic are the first steps the sooner all restrictions may be removed.

The report of the Federal Public Health Service that pellagra is not a communicable disease, but is "dependent on some yet undetermined fault in a diet in which the animal or leguminous protein component is disproportionately small," has not received publicity commensurate with its importance to many sections. It should have the effect of virtually ending the long controversy on the origin of the disease, for it reinforces a similar recent report by the Italian National Investigation Committee, and the opinion of the majority of independent inquirers; while in any event it points clearly to the preventives. Physicians and social workers are advised to give over looking for agents of infection. So simple a step as a general introduction of dried legumes into the dietary of the South ought to eradicate pellagra from the country. The commission does not guarantee that a well-balanced ration will cure advanced cases, but it lays emphasis on the duty of State and private agents to increase the consumption of proteins as an infallible precaution. Proof that the disease is not hereditary does not, of course, affect the fact that the offspring of pellagrous parents are frequently defective mentally and physically. This has made the problem one of great sociological importance.

Bryan's failure now and then to carry Nebraska, and even his own city of Lincoln, has been the fruitful subject of Republican jest, but as an illustration of the proverbial position of the prophet in his own country it is far outdone by the report that La Follette has failed to draw audiences in Wisconsin. Janesville, according to the statisticians, supplied an audience of seven out of its 15,000; Beloit did better, 200 of its 17,000 turning out to listen; but at Kenosha, a city of 25,000, only 30 left their less entertaining occupations to hear their master's voice, while the speech scheduled for Racine was omitted, owing to the small attendance. For this failure, La Follette had an explanation. He had not been sufficiently advertised! This explanation will surprise the country more than the lack of auditors, for the impression in these parts at least has been that the mere rumor in a Wisconsin town that La Follette was coming was enough to send the entire population to the public square. It would be rash to base an opinion of the Senator's popularity upon the size of his audiences in the places named. But, coming as it does after the recent defeat of his candidates in the Wisconsin primaries, this inattention upon the part of a once enthusiastic constituency will be widely heralded as an ill omen for his reëlection campaign two years hence.

The special recall election in Portland, Oregon, last week, in which the attacked Mayor and Commissioners secured a two-to-one majority, has disclosed a notable discontent with the workings of the recall provision. Since the State voted in 1908 to make every public officer, including judges, "subject to recall by the legal voters of the State or of the election district," its cities have frequently been harassed by restless groups intent upon forcing a satisfied majority into a new political agitation. The present futile election was brought about by a small minority moved by nothing more important than the ambition of their leaders, who might as well have waited until the next regular election. It cost the city $25,000, and aroused so little interest that but half the voters participated —there having been fears before the election that this indifference, despite the remarkable lining up of sound civic elements behind the present officers, might result in their defeat. Factitious contests on vague charges of "incompetence and extravagance" may yet disgust the State with the whole recall law.

Every meeting of the Commission of Fine Arts which Congress provided in 1910 causes regret that it was not established twenty years ago, for the benefit not merely of Washington, but of other cities which, as Baltimore has just done, might have sought its advice. In the session just ended the Commission inspected plans for eight memorials to famous men—statues to Washington, John Sullivan, and Matthew Maury in the capital, to De Lesseps and to "Universal Peace" at the Canal Zone, and to Gen. Lawton and Admirals Porter and Wilkes at Arlington—which would once have been eight opportunities for small or great artistic mistakes. It also simplified the designs for a new building for the Interior Department, and inspected twenty-seven historical paintings—portraits and battle pictures. Like some millionaire buying books by the yard, Congress would once have purchased these pictures without reference to their artistic merit. The Commission is a guarantee that our capital, by increasing degrees one of the finest in the world, will be saved from such errors as in London are a stock argument for a Ministry of Fine Arts.

A variant of the Los Angeles plan for furnishing free legal assistance to the poor in civil cases, as well as "public defenders" to the accused in criminal courts, is disclosed in the report of eighteen months' work by the new Conciliation Court of Cleveland. Dealing only with petty cases, it allows the parties a free statement, and depends largely upon the effect of letting the litigant "have his say." The judge, having brought out the essential facts, seeks to effect an amicable adjustment of the differences; and is stated by the *Survey* to have thus disposed of 5,884 cases out of 6,184 filed. As in Los Angeles, most cases relate to the attempts of workmen to collect small sums, or landladies small rents. Such conciliation courts are stated to have existed in Scandinavia for a century; but the novelty of the Cleveland institution is in giving a fair legal remedy at no cost. It is to be noted, as an example, along with our juvenile and domestic relations courts, of the growing desire for "a socialized jurisprudence."

The Wall Street Business Men's Association has revolted against our Yankee-written Revolutionary records. This promises not only to show up the lying Clio again, but to make history itself in what may be called the battle of the historical societies. The call for local mobilization is backed by the statement that eighty Massachusetts organizations, doubtless led on by Mr. Worthington Ford and Mr. Adams, will try to repel any proof that New York was not a city of "Tories and Treason." According to the Association, the difficulty is that Boston has always cornered the supply of historians. It is unbelievable, for example, that Bancroft did not know that the battle of Golden Hill antedated the Boston Massacre; that the first revolt against the tea tax occurred in New York, and that the earliest plans for the Union were laid on May 23, 1774, in the Old Merchants' Coffee House. He plainly disregarded these facts out of local patriotism. Fiske, in later days, perpetuated this story of Boston's preëminence in his widely popular books. Two difficulties must be met by the Association: the tenacity of historical tradition once it gains a general footing, and the eternal jealousy of other cities towards new claims. Ex-Gov. Pennypacker has just published a new book asserting Philadelphia's claim to the first tea-party; and amid such conflicting voices the world will probably go on crediting it to Boston.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RACIAL PREJUDICES AFLAME.

Not the least of the dreadful evils entailed by the world war is the awakening of race prejudice in quarters where it has never existed, and its reawakening in others where it had been gradually yielding to the slow processes of time and the still slower spread of the teaching of the brotherhood of man. In an atmosphere of peace and good will alone can Christian doctrine gain ground. Let war break out, and we not only cease to love a group of our fellowmen, but we endow them overnight with the blackest of characters. Harmless Spaniards become torturing fiends in the twinkling of an eye. Yesterday they seemed endowed with the traits of honesty, thrift, and industry; to-day they are such monsters in human form we wonder how we could have let any of them enter our harbors and settle among us. So to masses of the Allied nations, the Germans they praised yesterday for many admirable and very human qualities have become as devils incarnate. And the Germans in multitudes are just now asking themselves how it is that they were unaware of the abominable character of the British, of whom they have been happy to harbor so many thousands these last four decades.

But it is not merely national prejudices whose recrudescence we are now witnessing. It is the more subtle, and infinitely more dangerous, race prejudice with which we have to deal. In Germany, for instance, there has up to this time been no such thing as color prejudice. Chinese and Japanese men of learning and military officers have married into German families as a matter of course. An American negro could travel anywhere in Europe and have the unique experience of being treated on his merits as a human being. This has all been changed as by a magician's wand. The dragging into the war of Japanese and Indian troops by Great Britain and of black troops from Africa by the French has given rise to the bitterest outbursts in the German press. For the first time the hateful word "nigger" has found its way into print there. Cartoons of astounding malice treat particularly of the Japanese. Thus the chief organ in Germany of an oppressed race makes the pictured suggestion that the Japanese remaining in Berlin be imprisoned in the chimpanzee cages of the Zoölogical Garden, "no matter how much the chimpanzees may object." The intensity of the German bitterness against the English grows day by day, and a chief means of fanning the flames is the statement that England has brought in the "mongrels of civilization" to break down the high culture of a pure race, of the same stock as her own.

For the moment this has overshadowed the race question which was foremost in the first few days of the cataclysm—the charge that this was a concerted Slavic movement against the civilization of Europe was the first German explanation of the "Russian attack." As every one knows, the friction which led Servia and Austria to fire the deadly train is at bottom racial—the Slavs including Croatians, against the Austrian Germans; and this historic racial strife has now flamed up as never before. Into it all is now to be injected the Mohammedan problem; at least the entrance of Turkey into the hostilities on the side of Germany makes possible a tremendous religious explosion throughout the East. If the Turkish ally should make it awkward for Germany to assert that she is defending European culture, that ally also renders it easy for Germany's opponents to declare that she has called to her aid the historic enemy of Western culture and of Christianity. The next few days will show whether or not the war-ravaged Balkans are again to be trampled by marching hordes, burning, devastating, murdering as they go, for the third time within a trifle over two years. If they are, the race hatreds of that unhappy portion of the globe will grow to a proportion and an intensity almost to defy healing.

If the long-promised holy war should come in Egypt and elsewhere, it will easily take on a racial form, for it will be not merely Mohammedan against Christian, but the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav against the Turk, the Egyptian, and the natives of India and black Africans as well—a hideous prospect, indeed, for the twentieth century of Christianity! There is but one race which bids fair to gain a little from it all—the Jewish. If the Czar, so often faithless, keeps his word this time, there may be a great change for the unhappy Jews among his subjects. Having been permitted to die for the Little Father only as private soldiers, they are now to furnish officers for the slaughter, and there are intimations of other distinctions and privileges. In Germany, too, some bars of race seem to have been let down in the war; and the Czar has held out hopes of a Polish re-nationalization as well.

Here are perhaps some brands to be snatched from the burning—but what trifles, if we survey the whole world! We were just beginning, by greater knowledge of one another, through our race congresses, through the awakening of the East, through the strengthening of international bonds by trade, by the travel of thousands, by the interdependence of business everywhere, to get to know and respect one another. Now we see, by reason of the accursed system of European alliances and armaments, the whole work checked, if not undone. Dying antipathies are warmed back to life with new and deepened intensity; the whole world is thrust back to the Middle-Age state, when every people feared every other, like a thief in the night; when to be a stranger of different customs and habits was to be a barbarian, to kill whom was justified. Everywhere that men are different it will be easy now to arouse hatred and scorn and enmity. The brotherhood of man, the fundamental teaching that one should love one's neighbor as one's self—these are for the hour mere subjects for mocking and flouting by those who believe that man's mission is only to kill and burn. But this can be only for the hour. The doctrines of brotherly love and of Christian peace have survived as great cataclysms and gone steadily on to wider conquests by the nobility of their ideals. They are certain in the end to overthrow all enemies and to unite in one friendliness the Slav and the Teuton, the black, the yellow, and the white alike.

ENTER THE BALKANS—AND ITALY?

The reasons that would impel Turkey to enter the war on the side of the Teutonic Allies are comprehensible enough. The astonishing thing is that Constantinople, after blowing hot and cold for three months now, should cast in her lot with Germany at a moment when the Kaiser's fortunes are as low as they have ever been. If Turkey had entered the war in the first week of September, when her ancient enemy, Russia, was still staggering under the terrible defeat administered by Von Hindenburg at the East Prussian lakes, when Von Kluck's army was almost within cannon shot of the Paris fortifications, the step would have been easily explainable. Or if Turkey had joined in only two weeks ago, when German armies were striking into Poland, when Warsaw was almost resigned to a surrender, when the Russian armies in Galicia were falling back before the Austrians even more rapidly than they had advanced, the step would have seemed natural. But that the Porte should throw down the gage precisely at the moment when German armies are in full retreat in Poland, when Austrian armies are beginning to sag back once more towards

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cracow, when Russia's victory is unquestionably stirring the Slav spirit in the Balkans to new confidence—that is not so easy to account for.

We must assume that passion rather than a cold balancing of reasons has forced the decision at Constantinople—the traditional hatred and fear of Russia, the fresh memories of the Slav triumph in the recent Balkan War, and the desperate argument that, since triumph of the Allies would in any case mean the downfall of Turkey in Europe, one might as well go down fighting. But passion alone would probably not have brought about the step at the present moment if not for German pressure, direct and indirect. By direct pressure we mean the probable threat that, unless Turkey came into camp, the Kaiser would abandon her cause, and thus make her ruin certain. In the way of indirect pressure there would probably come the promise of military assistance through a strong Austrian demonstration against Servia. But more important perhaps in influencing a decision at Constantinople would be the representation of the general war situation in a light highly favorable to Germany. It is easily conceivable that the German defeat in Poland may not have been fully appreciated at Constantinople when war was decided on; that conditions in India were described as ominous for Great Britain; that the withdrawal of Russian troops from middle Asia was represented as offering an opportunity for a Turkish attempt against Russian Armenia and the Caucasus; and, finally, that Turkey's lead would be followed by other Balkan and Mediterranean nations.

What possible combination justifying the momentous step she has taken could Turkey have foreseen? Of Servia and Greece there can, of course, be no doubt. Turkish action ranges almost automatically against her the two Balkan nations which have profited most by her recent defeats, and which will divide the bulk of future profits at Ottoman expense. The uncertain quantity is Bulgaria. There, we may imagine, the traditional hatred against the Turk has been overlaid by the smarting memory of defeat—and treacherous defeat, as Bulgaria sees it—by Servia and Greece. But whereas Bulgaria would have no hesitation in turning on her former allies in a localized Balkan war, she may well hesitate when it comes to entering the lists against Russia, the great protector of the Balkan Slavs, Russia, which created modern Bulgaria, and which even in defeat must retain its historic rôle in the Balkans. That Bulgarian sentiment cannot be swung solidly against the Czar is indicated by the fact that her most distinguished soldier, Dimitrieff, is now with the Russian armies in Galicia. There enters finally the case of Rumania, only the other day in the field against Bulgaria. Against Rumania, one imagines, Bulgarian sentiment must be fully as violent as German sentiment against Great Britain, since Rumania joined hands with Servia and Greece against Bulgaria without provocation, and wrenched away a heavy slice of Bulgarian territory. Thus the Balkan problem stands: Turkey could hardly have gone in without being persuaded that Bulgaria would join. Bulgaria could hardly go in against Servia, Greece, and Rumania, and may have been persuaded that Rumania, too, would be on the side of the Teutonic Alliance.

But assuming that German diplomacy has succeeded in persuading Turkey that Bulgaria and Rumania might be found on her side, what becomes of Italian neutrality? At Berlin it will have been recognized that the latest move in the Near East must bring Italy perilously near to the verge of conflict. And if Italy enters the war, on what side will she be? It is not difficult to show that even if the question of anti-Austrian sentiment be left out of the reckoning, Italy's practical interests point to coöperation with the enemies of Austria. A victorious Austria would be more formidable than ever as a rival to Italian aspirations across the Adriatic. A victory for the Teutonic Alliance, with Turkey as a member, would endanger Italy's recent conquests in North Africa. It is conceivable, of course, that the Teutonic Alliance has made handsome offers to Italy: the promise of immunity in Tripoli, of accessions in North Africa at the expense of France, of aggrandizement in the Ægean, and who knows?—in the case of a British *débâcle*, Malta, Cyprus, might be the prizes dangled before the eyes of Italy. But always there is the factor that these promises, which would have been of value when German armies were carrying everything before them, can hardly be effective now that German armies are held stalemate in the west and beaten in the east.

ALL MUGWUMPS NOW.

"A Vote Against Penrose is a Vote for the Republican Party." This is the title of a pointed little editorial which appeared last week in the New York *Tribune*. This paper recalled with justified satisfaction the fact that it "was prompt to urge the Republicans of Pennsylvania to vote against their corrupt and debasing leader." Even more remarkable is the aggressive fight which the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* made against the Pennsylvania Republican boss. The *Ledger* is almost fanatical in its advocacy of a high tariff, but this did not prevent it from carrying on, in the very citadel of protectionism, a most energetic campaign against Penrose. Like the *Tribune*, it steadily maintained the view that the defeat of this leading Republican candidate would be not an injury, but a service, to the Republican party throughout the country. In a recent editorial it quoted with hearty approval the words of Senator Norris—who, though a Republican, was stumping Pennsylvania against Penrose—to this effect. "The candidacy of Mr. Penrose," says the Nebraska Senator, "is doing untold injury to the Republican party in all parts of the nation, and nothing would help the party more, in my judgment, than his defeat on November 3." And, so far as its own State was concerned, the *Ledger* summed up the case in the declaration that "the Republicans of Pennsylvania can better afford a temporary defeat than a permanent degradation."

Now, this is precisely the doctrine for which the Mugwumps of forty, and thirty, and twenty years ago fought in season and out of season. It is the doctrine which earned for them all sorts of contemptuous epithets. The stalwarts, the thoroughbreds, the red-blooded men, the genuine Americans, had no use for any such effeminate notions of politics or government. It might be all very well for silkstockings, and mollycoddles, and damned literary fellers to be squeamish about a Quay or a Platt; but the plain people, and the practical men, and indeed everybody who had any real contact with the life of this great and lusty young nation, knew that you had to have parties, and parties had to have leaders, and you had to let the leaders do their own work in their own way. It is true that Mr. Curtis, and Mr. Schurz, and the Mugwump leaders generally, professed to be champions of the people against the men who were in politics for "what there was in it"; but that notion was like the rest of their academic dreaming. And so the country went on, year after year, doing just that thing which the opponents of Penrose—and of bosses of similar stripe in other States—are now so effectively, and in such great numbers, fighting against. With few exceptions, the "better element" was kept in line for the bosses. The principle on which they acted was the opposite of that which we have just quoted from the *Ledger;* in lining themselves up behind a Quay, or a Platt, or a Gorman, they virtually declared that their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

party could better afford permanent degradation than temporary defeat.

How profound and sweeping has been the change that has come over public sentiment in this respect is but very imperfectly shown by such developments as those now conspicuous in Pennsylvania, in Illinois, in Wisconsin, and other States, notable as these are. What does show it in its true character and importance is not so much the extent of the manifestation as the nature of the appeals that are made by the opponents of the bosses. The Mugwumps of the seventies and the eighties and the nineties attacked the boss system primarily as an outrage against the first principles of honest and rational government. That this was necessarily an outrage against the people and a profound injury to their vital interests was to them self-evident; but it was a long time before the people could be got to take much interest in the issue. Now, "the people against the bosses" is the cry, all along the line. It is as "the enemies of government by the people" that Senator Norris attacks the supporters of the Pennsylvania boss. Nobody ever dreams of disposing of the opponents of Penrose in Pennsylvania, or Sullivan in Illinois, or Barnes in New York, by calling them weaklings or academicians. Most remarkable of all, the Progressive campaign this year, throughout the country, took on almost exclusively the character of a fight against bossism. All the rest of the issues of the 1912 Armageddon were in abeyance. The "party of the people" bothered very little about social justice, the initiative and referendum, or anything else except the attack on bossism. If one were to judge of its objects by the news of the present campaign, one would be led to the conclusion that the slogan "Let the people rule" had been replaced by the merely Mugwumpian cry of "Down with the bosses."

If we turn from the Progressive party to its chief, all this comes out with greatly added point. In the days of the Mugwump movement, Mr. Roosevelt occupied a unique position as a representative of the doctrine on which the bosses' immunity rested. Unlike the general run of straight party men, he was a vigorous advocate of reform, and especially of civil service reform. But, so far from recognizing the principle that a party "can better afford a temporary defeat than a permanent degradation," he persistently acted on the view that conformity with the existing order was the paramount duty of party men. He was anxious to change that order, no doubt; but any man who went the length of outright resistance was in his mind an unpractical doctrinaire, who would never accomplish anything. In the crucial struggle to save the nation's standard of the Presidency in 1884, he supported Blaine; when he was Governor of New York, he recognized Platt as a coördinate power in the Government; when brave men in Pennsylvania were making a determined and hopeful effort to shake off the disgrace of Quay, they got no countenance from President Roosevelt; even towards Addicks he maintained an attitude of "friendly neutrality." What language would the Colonel find strong enough for such a record on the part of any public man towards the bosses of to-day? What condemnation would be adequate to characterize their treason to the people? And who can say how much of the real grievances of the people—our giving away of franchises, our neglect of conservation, our slowness in taking up great measures of social betterment—might have been avoided if the doctrine of the Mugwumps had found, three or four decades ago, such acceptance as it is now enjoying?

ANOTHER PENSION YEAR.

The lately published annual report of the Commissioner of Pensions is noteworthy for two things: the rapid decrease in the number of pensioners, and the marked economies in administration he is able to record. The period, long foreseen, when there would be a sudden slump in the number of Civil War pensioners, is now at hand. Thus, in 1909 the percentage of loss by death among these veterans on the rolls was 5.2 per cent. It has steadily risen each year since, until now it is 7.3 per cent., with every prospect of a further rise. There was a total shrinkage in the pension roll of 39,174 during the last fiscal year; of these no less than 33,025 were Civil War soldiers pensioned under various acts. Of the others stricken from the rolls, 249 were survivors of the Mexican War and 424 widows of Mexican War veterans. There are still 4,699 women drawing pensions because their husbands took part in the Mexican War, concluded sixty-five years ago. Fortunately, the country is not to face a new class of Mexican War pensioners, as appeared probable at the time of the occupation of Vera Cruz.

Going further back, there are still 170 widows of veterans of the War of 1812 on the rolls, and the tenacity with which they cling to their pensions is illustrated by the fact that only twenty-nine died during the period covered by the report. The survivors and soldiers' widows of our Indian wars showed a decrease, in the one case from 1,066 to 915, and in the other from 2,330 to 2,182. Two groups of pensioners usually grow, those whose claims are due to service with the regular army and those who figure on the lists because of the war with Spain; but this year there is a decrease in the latter. Gen. Shafter placed 16,000 troops on the firing line in 1898; to-day there is an army of 28,910 pensioners as a result of that, and of the service of the fleet, and later of troops in the Philippines, where there were at one time as many as 70,000 under Gen. MacArthur. Of these 28,910, 24,250 are ex-soldiers; the rest are widows or dependents, the list showing a net loss of 105 during the year. The list of pensioners who have gained this consideration as a result of service with the regulars is 18,958, a gain of 395; this figure being, of course, exclusive of the retired lists of officers and men. That the pensioners of the war with Spain will show a slight growth year by year is to be expected on the basis of our experience with other wars, great and small; 2,763 mothers of the 1898 soldiers, 428 fathers, and 225 children are now being, in part, supported by the Government.

Since 1892, when the total number of pensioners was 999,446, the number has steadily decreased, until it is now 785,239, a loss, chiefly by death, of 214,107. But while there has been a steady decrease in the total number of pensioners ever since 1892, the cost to the country has steadily risen, so great being the increases in the amounts granted by reason of recent legislation, until this year. The Commissioner's report before us would, therefore, be notable if only for the fact that he records a drop in pension expenditure from $174,171,660.80 to $172,417,546.63. He asserts that the maximum has been reached and that the decrease in cost to the taxpayer should steadily continue. Commissioner Saltzgaber also reports that he has reduced his force by 145 employees without disturbing the old soldiers or widows of soldiers, but he adds "with great travail." The acts of May 11, 1912, and March 4, 1913, have greatly curtailed the work of the Bureau, and the Commissioner warns his subordinates that other sweeping changes must be made next July; from now on, the Pension Bureau, if we do not go to war again, will steadily sink in relative importance. Yet it has expended since 1866 alone $4,461,094,380.45 for pensions at a cost of $125,871,965.64.

In only one respect is the report unsatisfactory. It does not show sufficient effort to purge the roll of frauds and unworthy pensioners. Thus, there are now only sixty-two special examiners in the field, and but fifty-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nine new cases were presented by the law division of the Bureau to the Department of Justice for prosecution on account of offences against the pension laws. Forty-one indictments were found, and there were thirty-one convictions during the year, eighty cases being still in the hands of the Government attorneys. Of the four civil suits, two were won by the Government, and the sum of $967.32 was recovered, but, as every one who has made any study of the pension rolls knows, this is an absurdly small figure. Enormous sums have been fraudulently obtained from the Government, and many thousands of dollars are probably still wasted, but the Commissioner records the recovery of his beggarly $967.32 as if it were in any way in proportion.

Finally, he makes a just and excellent plea for the Bureau of Archives, which this journal has so frequently urged, and so many departments are demanding. It is not only because of the need of centralizing all the Government records, with the vast economies which this would bring about, but because of the necessity of having a fireproof structure to contain them. The Commissioner has done admirably in rearranging the Revolutionary War archives, and in protecting them from the destruction which menaced them. In the course of this task it was discovered that the total number of soldiers actually pensioned for service in our War of Independence was but 52,504. The Commissioner is also at work on a card index and flat filing of claims and documents growing out of the War of 1812—a work of great value. That he should feel, because of these two undertakings, the need of a Federal hall of archives ought to carry great weight with Congress.

MUSIC AS AFFECTED BY THE WAR.

Musicians are always among the first to be called upon to aid the needy, but in these calamitous times not a few of them are obliged to live up to the maxim that charity begins at home. This is especially so in the countries involved in the war; and even in some that are not directly concerned, like Switzerland, Italy, and Holland, the situation is not much more favorable. In France and Austria the opera houses and concert halls are nearly all closed, or else converted into hospitals or places for the distribution of food. Many thousands of singers and players are thus thrown out of employment, without being able, as in times of peace, to earn an extra penny by teaching, for which there is little demand. Viennese journals call special attention to the distress among the *Volksmusiker*, many hundreds of whom have been honorably earning their living, but who are now reduced to the status of street musicians and beggars.

In Berlin and a few other German cities the situation is somewhat better. Opera houses are open and performances are given regularly. But the prices of admission are only a fraction of what they were, and the singers and players receive about one-half of their usual emoluments, which never were large. Some of the leading choral associations of Berlin announce a few concerts, but Nikisch will conduct only half-a-dozen orchestra programmes. In Leipzig, however, he will preside over the usual number of Gewandhaus concerts. Being a great admirer of the music of Russia and France, he is not likely to banish the composers of those countries from his programmes. In Paris, the venerable Saint-Saëns has pronounced sentence of exile on Wagner, but when the war is over the French will not be likely to indulge in any chauvinistic folly of this sort, were it only because without Wagner it is impossible to make operatic ends meet. France is the only country that so far records a serious loss, by the death of Albéric Magnard, the eminent composer, who was executed for having, as a civilian, fired on the German invaders. The report that the baritone, Vanni Marcoux, was killed has proved false, like the same report concerning the great Austrian, Fritz Kreisler. He was only wounded; unfortunately, he may return to the front.

In England most of the autumn festivals and operatic projects have been abandoned, and it is said that all touring soloists have cancelled their contracts, with the exception of Clara Butt, who has promised to turn over all her receipts to charity. At first there was a disposition to boycott German music. This caused the Germans to express derisive regrets that they could not retaliate, there being no English music to ban. Better counsel promptly prevailed in London; what had Bach and Beethoven, Schubert and Wagner, to do with the present war? But there is such a thing as being too magnanimous and Germanic, according to one of the critics, who remarks concerning the prospectus of the Classical Concert Society that "really, one might be in Berlin, so completely is the scheme out of touch with contemporary conditions."

In Canadian cities the war seems to have cast its blight on most musical societies and enterprises; touring artists speak of cancelled dates. It does not seem at all likely that Montreal will have its own opera company, and if it does, it will not be able to borrow singers from Boston or Chicago, for both these cities have abandoned their operatic enterprises. For this the war has been held responsible; but there are reasons for believing that the financial condition of these institutions made the directors welcome an opportunity to call a halt—temporarily, at any rate. The early departure of the Century Company from New York does not appear to have any connection with enforced economies due to the war, for the audiences have so far been larger than they were last year, in consequence of a decided improvement in the quality of the performances.

Alone of all the great operatic institutions in the world, our Metropolitan Opera House will carry out its programme precisely as if the globe had remained at peace, except that two of the singers (not of superlative importance) will not be able to come back. There were rumors in Germany that we were to have no German opera, because of the prevailing American attitude towards the European belligerents; but the only ground for doubt was that it was believed that those two indispensable Wagnerian artists, Otto Goritz and Albert Reiss, would be unable to return. But Reiss, who was a prisoner in France, has been released through the intercession of the French Embassy in Washington, while Goritz, when he cabled the order giving up his apartment in New York, which alarmed his friends, simply meant to change his residence! On Monday the steamer Canopic arrived in Boston with a precious cargo of singers, seventy in all, among them Bori, Farrar, Destinn, Hempel, Urlus, and Caruso. Fancy what the loss of this steamer, which also held the greatest of Italian conductors, Toscanini and Polacco, would have meant to the musical world!

Concerning two others of the world's leading conductors, Muck and Stransky, there was doubt until a few weeks ago whether they could return. Fortunately, neither of them was needed in the army. In the matter of personnel, also, neither the Boston Symphony nor the New York Philharmonic has suffered any serious damage. Both announce, moreover, an increased subscription list, as also does the New York Symphony Society. The Oratorio and Musical Art Societies will be heard as usual, and so will the Kneisels and the Flonzaleys. Of touring singers, violinists, pianists, and other givers of recitals, we shall have a superabundance, for obvious reasons; so that, altogether, the present season promises to be exceptionally bountiful and alluring.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chronicle of the War

That Turkey will drift into the war through the agitation of chauvinists at home and the gentle persuasions of Germany abroad seems, as we point out elsewhere, beyond a doubt. It is also unquestioned that Germany has exerted every effort to win over this new ally. Germany, therefore, must attach considerable importance to the military assistance which she expects the Ottoman forces to render. It becomes interesting, then, to inquire in what way Turkey can be of use to her allies. With the coöperation of Bulgaria, the way would, of course, be opened to an attack on Servia, and Austria would automatically be relieved of the harassment of the Servian and Montenegrin forces in her Bosnian province. Without that coöperation, it is difficult to see how the land forces of Turkey can enter the struggle in Europe. The only point at which Turkey touches Russian territory is at the natural barrier of the Caucasian Mountains between Batum, on the Black Sea, and Mt. Ararat. Here is a defensive position which Russia could maintain indefinitely without affecting appreciably the strength of her armies on the Prussian frontier. We may assume, therefore, that no serious offensive is contemplated at this point. On the other hand, Russia might well spare forces to make a demonstration here.

The only other point at which the Ottoman Empire touches the territory of one of the Allies is at the frontier of Egypt, 150 miles east of Port Said and the entrance to the Suez Canal. Here Turkish troops are already reported to have crossed the frontier, and it is obviously to the effect of a successful invasion of Egypt that Germany looks for valuable service on the part of her ally. On this point, therefore, we may assume that the most serious efforts of the Turkish army will be concentrated, in the hope that, with the coming of the Moslem hosts, the Mohammedan subjects of Great Britain in Egypt and India will be stirred to revolt, and that a "holy war" will ensue. From all the information from British sources that has come to hand, it seems extremely doubtful whether these pious aspirations of Germany and Turkey will be realized; but, putting that question aside, the prospect of Turkey accomplishing an invasion of Egypt in any force appears not to be too promising.

The army has been in process of reorganization since the recent wars with Italy and the Balkan Confederacy, and it is difficult to give even approximately its precise strength. Furthermore, most reports agree that it is seriously lacking in equipment. Its peace strength, however, is stated to be 230,000 men, comprised in forty-three divisions, giving 5,000 men to a division and 10,000 to a corps. On a war footing we may probably put the corps at about 15,000 men. For the invasion of Egypt only a fraction of the total strength of the army could be employed. The European forces must be kept where they are to watch events in the Balkans. A considerable army, comprising most of the Anatolian troops, must be concentrated on the Caucasian frontier to repel a possible invasion by Russia; indeed, already reports declare that 300,000 men are assembled on this frontier. But whatever the number of troops considered necessary to defend this line, there they must be kept, for there are not the railway facilities in the Ottoman Empire for the rapid concentration of forces at a threatened point. For the invasion of Egypt it appears highly improbable that more than two army corps at the most will be available. These will be the forces in Yemen, which are commonly employed against the chronically rebellious tribes of Arabia. We may, therefore, put the possible invading army of Egypt at between 20,000 and 30,000 men. Against these there are the British army of occupation, numbering in normal times some 6,000 men, and the native army, numbering 17,000. These numbers have no doubt been considerably augmented since the war started by the dispatch of second-line troops from England, and by the colonials, who are reported on the line of the Suez Canal.

The Turkish navy may possibly exercise more influence. At present, with the coöperation of the German cruisers Goeben and Breslau, it is superior in armament to the Russian fleet in the Black Sea. Against this superiority in armament, however, must be set a numerical superiority on the side of Russia. At the end of 1913 Russia's Black Sea fleet consisted of six pre-Dreadnought battleships, two protected cruisers, twenty-five destroyers, sixteen torpedo boats, and fourteen submarines. The Turkish fleet, deprived of the new Dreadnoughts Osman and Reshadieh, appropriated in their yards by England at the beginning of the war, consists of three old battleships (one launched in 1874), two small cruisers, three torpedo gunboats, and a number of small gunboats, eight destroyers, and nine torpedo boats. The German battle cruiser Goeben, however, of 22,400 tons, armed with four torpedo tubes and ten 11-inch, twelve 5.9-inch, and twelve 3.4-inch guns, is by far the most powerful vessel in either fleet, the most powerful of the Russian battleships being only of 12,480 tons, and armed with four 12-inch, eight 6-inch, and four 4.7-inch guns.

The naval fighting, so far as Turkey is concerned, must apparently resolve itself into a duel with the Russian fleet in the Black Sea. The combined French and British fleet in the Mediterranean is sufficiently strong to bar egress from the Dardanelles and to destroy what units are at present abroad in the Ægean. Hence the Turkish fleet can hardly take part in the threatened blockade of the Suez Canal and at the same time Turkey will find it impossible, if she desired to do so, to transport her European troops by sea to Asia Minor to participate in the invasion of Egypt, just as in the Balkan war the Greek fleet played an important part in preventing the maritime transportation of troops from Asia Minor to Europe. There have been rumors that the Allied fleet would attempt to force the passage of the Dardanelles in order to bring aid to the Russian fleet in the Black Sea. Such an attempt is not beyond the bounds of possibility, but it is improbable. Whether it will be made or not depends no doubt upon the condition of the fortifications of the Dardanelles. Before the war these were strong, but were armed with antiquated guns. It is probable, however, that since Germany has taken so absorbing an interest in Turkish affairs the obsolete guns have been replaced by more effective weapons from Essen, and in that case to attempt to force a passage would be an extremely hazardous enterprise.

In neither the western nor the eastern areas of warfare is there anything of momentous importance to record. In the west there has been the ding-dong battle with which we are familiar, either side making slight advances at various points along the line, but leaving the general front of battle virtually unchanged. Thus the line, from Nieuport south to Noyon, and thence west to Verdun, with slight deviations at different points, remains virtually as we described it last week. The fighting that has taken place during the past week on the line Nieuport, Dixmude, Ypres, Armentières is described as the most severe of the entire war. South of Ypres the Germans have made slight progress, having occupied the village of Messines, which is reported to have changed hands four times in the course of twenty-four hours. On the other hand, the Allies have advanced on the line of the Yser, the left bank of which has been abandoned by German troops. The dikes at this point were cut by the Belgians at the end of last week and the district inundated; this compelled a German retreat, which appears to have been effected with great loss. Poelkapelle also is reported in the Belgian official statement as having been surrounded by the Allies, and emphasis is laid on the importance of this position as being the centre of the network of communication of roads and railways between Dixmude, Ypres, Roulers, and Thourout. This information, however, would seem to indicate that the wedge which the Allies had driven into the German line as far as Roulers had been pushed back slightly, as Poelkapelle is some eight miles to the west of Roulers.

In the east the German retreat in Poland, following a defeat in the general engagement on the Vistula, has continued, and, as we stated last week, it appears improbable that the retreat will be halted until the defensive line of the Wartha River is reached, close to the Posen frontier. The Russians seem to have penetrated as far as the line Lodz, Petrokow, Kielce, from which points the Germans are retreating in the direction Kalisz, Czenstochowa, and Cracow. The main German army is thus retreating in a southwesterly direction and leaving a gap of some 125 miles between itself and the army of East Prussia on its left. On the East Prussian border there has been a renewal of the German offensive, the army there evidently making desperate efforts to relieve the pressure on the forces in Poland. So far, however, according to dispatches from Petrograd, all attacks have been successfully repulsed. The gap that is left between the two armies is an obvious source of danger. If the Russians can conduct a sufficiently vigorous pursuit and if they have the necessary reinforcements, and there seems no reason to suppose that they have not, there is the possibility that they may be able to detach forces northwards to outflank the German army in East Prussia. In Galicia the Russians appear to be conducting principally a defensive campaign, having doubtless weakened their forces there to increase the pressure on the German centre in Poland. Vienna has reported victories between Sambor and Turka, but Petrograd declares that an attempted sortie from Przemysl has resulted in the capture of 4,000 prisoners.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Correspondence

THE OSTRICH AT THE WAR OFFICE—PREPARING FOR THE INVADER—THE RESURRECTION OF BELGIUM—A NEW DRINK FOR TOMMY ATKINS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, October 23.

Fullest recognition is given to the administration of Lord Kitchener at the War Office, a business method that leaves no flaw in the systematic supply whether of men, guns, ammunition, food, or drink. All the same, the public is irritated at the ostrich-like futility that marks his policy, in large matters and in small. At any turn of events, he is prone to bury his face in the sand and think nobody sees him. The latest development of this unfortunate tendency is forthcoming in his treatment of Sir John French's anxiously awaited dispatches. On Monday last, being October 19, they were published in the morning papers, occupying two complete pages. The reader observed with consternation that the first, covering the operations of the British army from August 21 to August 28, was dated September 7. The second, describing the continuance of the retreat on Paris up to the momentous midday of September 6, when the signal was given to take the offensive, was dated September 17. On October 8 Sir John French, taking up his pen with new pleasure, gave a graphic account of the defeat and pursuit of the German army and of the battle of the Aisne up to the last day in September.

What the bewildered public wants to know is why these pages of history should have been secreted in pigeon-holes at the War Office while the country was hungering and thirsting for news, the dissemination of which from non-official quarters was rigorously forbidden. The only conceivable answer is that, in accordance with his habit, Lord Kitchener was afraid of giving information that might be useful to the enemy. It is probable that long before October 19 the Germans knew all about the halt in the prolonged retreat of the Allied armies and the sudden assumption of the offensive which took place on September 6.

The War Office has, within the last few days, taken proceedings significant of the situation. It has addressed to the Urban and Rural Councils throughout the kingdom a circular marked "Urgent," requesting them to ascertain what labor would be available in their several districts in case of necessity for (1) digging trenches, (2) clearing away trees, (3) rough timber work. It is necessary, the circular states, to have a complete organization, and to know the names and addresses of all men willing to undertake this work, should emergency arise. The men, of whom a great number might be needed, would be engaged for three days, and would receive double the ordinary rates of pay. They would be required to assemble at a stated rendezvous within a few hours of receiving notice, and would forthwith proceed to the section of work allotted to the Council in the immediate neighborhood. The labor would be carried out under the direction of a Royal Engineer officer. Tools would be provided for those who do not possess them. It is added that, "to prevent anything in the nature of a scare, it is well to mention that the contingency of the men being called upon is at present happily remote. But it is neecssary to be prepared without delay." Forms were enclosed, with the request that they should be returned not later than Monday last.

Reading day by day of the desolation and devastation of what but yesterday was the fair and fruitful field and garden of Belgium, one recalls a verse quoted by Stevenson in his delightful "Travels with a Donkey." Passing through the country of the Camisards, a little more than 200 years ago the scene of butchery only excelled in these modern days, he recites the verse:

> We travelled in the prints of olden wars
> Yet all the land was green;
> And love we found and peace
> Where fire and war had been.
> They pass and smile the children of the sword.
> No more the sword they wield;
> And O how deep the corn
> Along the battlefield!

We in England possess the sites of old battlefields fought in the Wars of the Roses, and later between Royalists and Roundheads. Some of them now are towns or hamlets. In others still afield the fructifying influence hinted at in the last two lines of the verse has worn itself out. By and by, when Kaiser Wilhelm is a fugitive and Germany a republic, Belgium will bloom again.

> And O how deep the corn
> Along the battlefield!

An example of petty revenge taken by the Germans against harmless and helpless Englishmen is supplied by the experience of Mr. Yerburgh, the popular Member for Chester. Three months ago, at the bidding of his doctor, he, accompanied by his wife, repaired to Nauheim, a German watering-place extolled for its treatment of heart disease. When war was declared he proposed to return home, but found his way barred. The normal period of the Nauheim "cure" is three weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Yerburgh were compelled to stay for nearly three months, their visit being prolonged amid circumstances especially detrimental to folk suffering from a weak heart. A week ago announcement appeared in the London newspapers that they had arrived at Zürich, and people wondered that, after their unpleasant experience, they should not hurry home. Explanation is forthcoming in a letter received yesterday from Mr. Yerburgh. He writes that, after repeated solicitation, he and his wife were permitted to leave Germany only upon their giving an undertaking to proceed to Switzerland and remain there for three weeks. Why this condition was imposed is beyond the range of average comprehension. Mr. Yerburgh, writing from Vevey, whither he removed from Zürich, says his parole will expire on Sunday, when he hopes to commence his journey home. Meanwhile, the strain of his daily life during the past eleven weeks has told severely upon a state of health for whose recuperation he in a luckless moment sought the "cure" at Nauheim.

Among the latest war news is a message from the Far East announcing that the Crown Prince of Japan has presented to the British troops operating with the Japanese before Tsing-tau a supply of sake. It would be interesting to know what Tommy Atkins thinks of this form of liquid refreshment. My recollection of personal acquaintance made with it during a visit to Japan is that it tasted something like the washingout of a sherry decanter. The sturdy farmer, asked how he liked a nip of old brandy served in a liqueur glass, said he would "tak some more in a moog"!

The national Japanese drink would have to be served out to Tommy in a bucket before he realized the homely feeling of "getting forrader."

THE LATE COUNT ALBERT DE MUN—AN APPRECIATION OF HIS PLACE IN THE LIFE OF FRANCE.

PARIS, October 10.

"To-night, when I have written these lines, I shall lie down to sleep with hope in my heart. By the time they are being read, may I wake to enthusiasm."

Last Tuesday, as he was finishing his daily article at Bordeaux, the seat of Government, in time to telegraph it for next morning's *Echo de Paris,* Albert de Mun wrote these words. Of his three sons who are fighting at the front for their country, one who was supposed to be lost or a prisoner had suddenly reappeared on a mission to Government, and was able to dine with his father. Rumors of decisive victory were in the air. During his sleep, the heart ailment which for twelve years had kept the great orator from speaking in Parliament—except once—quenched the life which was still strong in him.

It is something more than a power of speech that disappears with Count Albert de Mun, although that, too, is noteworthy. He was a French gentleman belated in a society that has little use for Frenchmen of his type. His quality was aggravated by the conscientiousness of his adherence to the traditional Christianity of France. And he passed over the heads of dominant politicians and men of money to workmen traditionally hostile to his class and found understanding and sympathy among them. Speaking of his death and the works that follow him, the ultra-revolutionary Gustave Hervé says with his usual frankness: "Perhaps on this ground of social justice—when the war is over—we may be able to meet Catholics in the way."

With the leaders of politics, the Royalist Count de Mun was esteemed for his talent and integrity; but they could not understand his "rallying" to the Republic at the bidding of the Pope. In the present effort at a National Government which should represent the whole nation, it was proposed to name him a Minister without portfolio as has been done for Jules Guesde, the Socialist leader who is equally refractory to the capitalist Republic. Somehow the project fell through; but it can scarcely have been Prime Minister Viviani's fault, for he has been a known admirer of the aged leader of the Right, as Gambetta was when the young Royalist Count was the only orator of Parliament able to cope with him in eloquence.

Perhaps the kind of Republic which is passing with a war that found it unprepared will merge in the swelling Social Democracy that has the likeliest chance of uniting Frenchmen of all classes when war is over. Of this, by strangely mingled heredity and by life and conviction, Albert de Mun was the natural precursor. His ancient though petty feudal title was from a knight's fief in the Pyrenees; and through the Counts of Navarre he was descended in right line from Clovis, the first Christian King of the Franks, and from Louis the Twelfth, the last of the French Kings before Renaissance and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reform and Counter-Reform brought in absolute monarchy. His great-grandfather was the eighteenth-century *philosophe* Helvétius, with his wife the closest Paris friends of our American Franklin. His grandfather was the Marquis de Mun, who was Napoleon's chamberlain, but so representative of a class that the Restored Bourbons made him a peer of France. And his father, by marrying a daughter of the Count de la Ferronaye, who was so long French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, made him a descendant of the Rostopchin who withstood Napoleon at Moscow. In the classic "Sister's Story" of Mrs. Augustus Craven, who was Albert de Mun's aunt, this very French and very modern family has been portrayed for the edification of many generations. The Broglies and Haussonvilles, with their nobility mingling in the blood of the Swiss banker Necker and his daughter Mme. de Staël, are not more varied in descent. Only George Sand, with her wild ancestry—royalties of Saxony and Marshal Maurice, romantic Koenigmarcks and Rousseau's pupil Dupin—has surpassed it.

When Albert de Mun grew up, he embraced the military career and went at once from his training at Saint-Cyr to the campaigns of Algiers. His strong mental acquirement and sturdy moral character are an instructive comment on the fairness of the type of officer of the Second Empire which has been foisted on the world. He came back to fight for the existence of France against Prussian invasion, and won the Legion of Honor fighting at Metz. He was attached to the staff of Gen. de Ladmirault during the repression of the Commune. It was then, while guarding the lonely galleries of the Louvre and communing with a fellow-officer, La Tour du Pin, of like ancient origin and modern temper as himself, that he found his way; and this he never left until death. The two thought and talked of their people's hurt and found it in the neglect, the isolation, the parking aside from the rest of the community of the laboring masses.

In spite, perhaps because, of the Socialist Revolution of 1848, which the Second Empire had suppressed to the general satisfaction of the French people whose society is based on property-holding, such thought and talk were bold in the reaction of the days that followed the Commune. Count de Mun has persisted in them and more than once has needed the protection of the Pope from scandalized ones of his own religion. In 1875 he resigned his commission in the army—he was captain of Cuirassiers—to give himself entirely to the work of Catholic workmen's clubs. The next year the Bretons sent him to Parliament, and there, with only a year or so of intermission, they have kept him faithfully. In the Dreyfus affair, he stuck to his army traditions, to the offence of many on both sides.

It would be difficult to form an exact opinion of the extent which the movement inaugurated by Albert de Mun and La Tour du Pin among French workmen has taken. It has not the relief of politics to make it known, and, like all popular movements in which religion is a leading force, it runs deep with little froth and scum at the surface.

Four years ago, when the railway workers of France were supposed to have begun the general strike expected to revolutionize society, these Catholic workmen's clubs suddenly blocked the way. They were but a fraction, but they brought to light the portentous fact that the Syndicalists who were to lead the new Revolution are also but a fraction of the labor world; and that labor, in its own interests, is unwilling to separate itself sharply from the rest of the community. Even the Syndicalists have shown a respect for these religious clubs unwonted in their usual hostility to the "yellows." The present outbreak of war, with its struggle for the life of all, has thrown all Frenchmen into the one melting-pot. Perhaps, as Gustave Hervé says, they may all yet meet on Count de Mun's common ground of social justice.

Once only in recent years had Albert de Mun tried to speak as of old in Parliament. His voice was muffled, but he found much of his old vigor and all the respect of his fellow-members as he warned them against the German danger. His voice was overborne—it was in 1911—largely by that of Jaurès, who alone with him represented the old, ample Parliamentary eloquence. The strength of Count de Mun was in his plain, resonant, winning sincerity. Some of his speeches, which gained him a seat in the Academy, will be read when the politics of the time have entered into history; for they are prophetic words of one who looked forward and not back in the movement of humanity.

S. D.

The Civil War is generally held accountable for the preponderance of women in the teaching profession in America. The European war may possibly have a similar effect in the Old World. In London, at any rate, the enlistment of nearly 1,000 male teachers has caused so great a shortage in the staff of the Council schools that the educational authorities have had to allot a considerable proportion of their female teachers to the boys' side. As many of the students in the training colleges have also joined the colors, the innovation is likely to be permanent.

The war is beginning to affect the habits of Londoners. Now that the lights everywhere are turned so low, to discourage Zeppelins, the town has become far less attractive after dark. People are, therefore, much less inclined to come up from the suburbs in the evenings for the sake of amusements. Two of the most popular theatres, recognizing this change, have set the fashion of giving their matinées six times a week and their evening performances only twice—the exact reverse of the usual proportion.

L'indépendance belge may have disappeared for the time, but *L'Indépendance Belge* is still active and vigorous. Driven from Brussels to Ghent, and thence to Ostend, it has now found refuge in London. It has settled in the Whitefriars newspaper district, where it publishes an edition every evening. Practically the whole of the editorial staff has taken part in the migration. The first London issue, published on October 21, contained poems by Emil Verhaeren and Maurice Kufferath, and a message of greeting from Mr. Asquith. A good circulation is expected among French-reading Englishmen, but the paper will, of course, serve mainly the interests of the crowds of refugees. An Antwerp paper, *La Métropole,* whose offices were burned by the Germans, will carry on its work through an arrangement with the London *Standard,* which has placed at its disposal a page of each day's issue.

French Fiction

CERTAIN TENDENCIES WHICH STORY-WRITERS ARE PRETTY SURE TO FOLLOW AFTER THE WAR—THE CONTRAST OF FRENCH FICTION BEFORE THE WAR.

PARIS, September 30.

"You should have seen the moon before the war!" was American humor's way of saying to the next generation that the War of Secession had wrought universal change. It is much the same for novels published in France less than two months ago. Even in fiction, life will never again be as it was before. It is foolish to prophesy before war is over; but it may be said now, and it may be reasoned out from the books latest published, that the thoughts of the men who are being subjected to this strain and all their literature are bound to follow soon certain lines of tendency, and not others.

The first is towards pure Socialism, that is, towards a remaking of human society from within so that all sorts and conditions of men shall stand or fall together as they have been doing all through this war; and this will lead to forgetfulness of the dividing Radicalism which is already so discredited in its effects, and of Pacifism which now seems but puling, and of Social Service which has all along been scarcely more than a class religion. Any fragmentary good that may have existed under these deluding labels will be caught up in the resistless stream, on which extreme Conservatives will be the first to embark. The second sure tendency is towards traditional religion; and this need not be opposed to the first, just as pure Socialism in France has hitherto kept itself independent of political opposition to religion.

It is discouraging to have to express by such abstract labels the very real movement of individual minds and feelings as disclosed in fiction-writing, which is the most personal of literature. And it is disappointing not to be able yet to affix names belonging to what we have always accounted Progress and Civilization—freedom from the oppression of great nations and militarism; liberty of individuals and individual associations as against that all-absorbing association called the state; and self-government in the town-meeting sense of our primitive American anarchy which, with all its passing failures, has borne so brave a crop of human well-being. How far these, too, will enter into the tide of patriotism, sure to flow from these weeks of a war that threatens the existence of France, no one can tell; but the beginning of sane tendency is already apparent in the "Regionalism" of these late French books. Some, of course, are indifferent to space and time or of the already past.

"L'Œil clair" is a posthumous series of sketches and dialogues by Jules Renard, whose "Poil de Carotte" was hailed as the New Literature twenty-five years ago by such outside students of France as Professor Byvanck of Leyden. In the revolution of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these few years, this literature, with all the narrow perfection which Jules Renard gave to it, seems weary and old. He was a close Realist of short spread, an instantaneous photographer of his village, and with violent village prejudices, humorous and without general views of life or man or the world or anything. And, except for a certain jerky adequacy of expression, his literature has the same worth that village photography has in art.

"Dix Sept Histoires de Marins" is another volume of short stories, by the naval officer who writes under the name of Claude Farrère. His stories are, naturally, of sailors—"all round the Horn"—and, as often as not, they thrill and grip and start a sob. They are partly of death and heroism and partly of loves—more and more like Maupassant and less like Pierre Loti. The generation after the war may still read of sailors.

"Nigelle," by G. Franay, whose writing for *la jeune personne* has already been crowned by the French Academy, tells of Danish country life, with a deal of Hans Andersen in it. "Autour d'une Fortune," by Louis Noël, is a real sort of story that could only have happened before the war. A grocer has made a fortune and retired to a country town to enjoy it. "Around the fortune," local Freemasons and clergy wage what hitherto has seemed to be their endless war. The curé manages to fill the emptiness of the retired grocer's soul by getting him elected to Parliament, and so wins the credit of the fortune for—was it the church or his party? And shall this still be a typical story of French life in a year to come? The same author has a pretty story, "Le Trésor des Précy," of a good young girl in need who discovers a treasure hid by her ancestors during the Revolution. It "can be put in any hands."

"Nous, les Mères . . ." is a close study of women by Paul Margueritte, a man. "We mothers" are those whose children have been married away from them. It is not the story—as old as Mother Eve—of the difficult life together of two women, each differently dependent on the one man who is son of this and husband of that. Ages ago, American mothers were persuaded that Fanny Fern's lively description of a daughter-in-law's experience must be real; and Thackeray, in Clive Newcome, quite exhausted the son-in-law's possibilities. The French writer observes the mother's situation; and she tells the story of her years as she reasons herself into a life apart from the children who leave father and mother and cleave to wife or husband. It is a more reasonable and more refined world than the English or American writer gave; and, for a great part of the story, there is a delightful grandmother looking on with the philosophy of age at the inevitable readjustments of each generation as it follows another. The mother ends her story in relative peace—and entire loneliness:

> It is a year since I fled from Paris. . . . I have undergone my crisis and it was atrocious, like that of the Fathers of the Desert. . . . My children are grown; they no longer need me. My task to bring them up is over. All I could do for them, I have done. Nothing is left me but to love them—with space and time between us. If experience could be taught to others, instead of each one acquiring it at her own risk and peril, I would persuade women like myself to give without expecting to receive. This is the mother's privilege, as sad as it is noble. . . . We wish too much that those we have brought forth should resemble us! Perhaps I have tried to be a guardian too long; my children saw only a yoke in my sheltering embrace. The love which I wished they should give back to me in morsels—after all—do they not owe it, by the law of our species, whole and entire to their own children? Why did I not resign myself sooner?
>
> Yes, I have done well, the reality shows me so, and it is my reward. No doubt, they forget me a little, though Nicole [the daughter] writes me oftener than her brother and always insists I must go to live with them. Julia [the daughter-in-law] is "correct" and sends me on stated occasions news of her Fred. I am no longer of use and so they neglect me. It is so, but is it not so for everybody? And am I then the only mother who sees her children following the bent of their character and developing according to their own tendencies, good or evil?
>
> I take my part where I can do nothing. You get used to everything. The benefit of being far away is that I feel much less painfully that which once filled me with pin pricks and stabbed me to the heart at every stroke. Not to see *them*, no longer to keep fixed ideas stirring, to avoid every cause of disagreement—of that I now taste the melancholy privilege and the toneless comfort.
>
> More yet, my points of view have changed; and while my idea of life and of good and evil remains the same, I become more indulgent, I feel that I am better. Has a new truth unsealed my eyes? No. Is it only that my mind is freed from all that hindered it from thinking under irritation? Yes. I ask myself if I have not often been a little unjust and partial. . . . But one truth has been borne in on me—since I have renounced others as well as myself—I no longer look on them and I no longer look on myself as I did before. I have compassion on the reciprocal wretchedness of creatures taken up with vain cares and tormented by imaginary ills, whereas they ought to think only of understanding and loving each other.

This object-lesson for many women and some men is worked out in a swift story told in the usual clear-cut style of this novelist, who began and is now again in active army service.

"Le Retour dans la nuit," by M. Piéchaud, a new author, has also no particular timeliness. Like so many of these last days, it is a story of sad endurance, told with the simple perfection of language that touches most. Pierre is without a mother from childhood and grows up between the devoted but methodical professor who is his father and a faithful old servant. Man-grown and ready for the world's life, he learns that his mother had left her husband and is alive. He earns her forgiveness and reconciliation, only to become blind—and so, for man's true honor, breaks with the love on which he had counted for himself.

Three novels by Jacques de Gachons figure in the list of books crowned by the French Academy, for the Prix Capuran—"Le Chemin de sable," "Vivre la vie," and "Dans l'Ombre de mes jours." With "La Vallée bleue," which appeared in the Academician-training *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, they represent with some completeness the mind of an interesting author contemplative of French life in Paris and the provinces—as it was but yesterday. Everywhere is the spirit of endurance and sacrifice in the love of one's own. Such love, from the family, must extend to the *Patrie* in whose national life the family is the unit. Those who now suddenly find that they have underrated French patriotism might have guessed the truth if they had read such books in which, however, no Nationalism is made to intervene. There is a particularly good "father," worthy pendant of Paul Margueritte's "mother," who works on silently for inobservant rather than thankless children till the night comes when no man can work.

S. D.

News for Bibliophiles

A NEGLECTED ENGLISH POET ON THE BATTLE OF OSTEND.

I take a particular pleasure in unearthing a beautiful verse in a neglected poet; it seems to me that his poor shade must be consoled and rejoice to see his thought understood at last; I am making a rehabilitation; I am rendering justice, and if sometimes my eulogy of certain obscure poets may appear undue to some of my readers, let them remember that I am praising them for all of those who have set them down lower than their desert, and that undeserved scorn provokes and justifies excessive panegyric.

These are the kindly phrases in which Gautier excused himself for praising François Villon, whose reputation, not many decades ago, was still but ill-assured. They occurred to me when the extraordinarily spectacular events of the past weeks' war in Flanders recalled suddenly to mind certain forgotten verses, now peculiarly appropriate, written by an English poet, Cyril Tourneur, who at most later hands has received less than justice. They give us a picture of the Battle of Ostend, and, save that the monitor and Zeppelin are unmentioned, might serve as a poetic description of the battle raging to-day on that harried Flemish coast.

If there has been one event which might be counted upon to stimulate, if it does not bewilder, the imagination of the poet of war, it was the attack on the Belgian littoral from sea and shore and sky at Nieuport and Ostend. Yet I am much mistaken if poetry is to be enriched by any description which can much surpass that written over three centuries ago by this sadly neglected dramatist.

Critics never vouchsafed to Tourneur an independent literary existence. He was almost entirely disregarded by the older generation, and it seems likely that the fact that Hazlitt once linked his name with Webster's will prove to be his everlasting misfortune, and that, like Ulysses and Diomede in Dante's ball of fire, they will pass on to-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gether. Tourneur has become merely the tail to Webster's comet. The ordinary reader doubtless imagines that Webster and Tourneur were collaborators like Beaumont and Fletcher, and yet there is no evidence to indicate that they ever fashioned a play in common. An elegy by Tourneur on the death of Prince Henry was printed by the bookseller Welby in a volume containing poems on the same theme by Heywood and Webster, but apart from an assumed similarity of genius, there was between the two contemporaries no other relationship. Yet Symonds included them both in a single volume of the "Mermaid Series," and now in the "Cambridge History of English Literature" C. E. Vaughan devotes one chapter ostensibly to both, but in reality almost entirely to Webster.

Upon what evil days Tourneur has fallen we may judge from the treatment here accorded his sombre and tragic muse. A single perfunctory page, out of its projected eight or ten thousand, is assigned to Tourneur, and the author hastens on to devote his time to Webster. Even more pathetic is the pitiful showing in the bibliography. The very inadequate edition which seems to have been somewhat hastily thrown together by Churton Collins at the beginning of his career (1878), remains the last word in the way of a text, though Symonds made a show of collation for the sections reprinted by him. Sadder than all this, in the way of special critical articles, the compiler could muster but one; and that by Swinburne. But it was as impossible for Swinburne to write discriminating criticism as it was to write immelodious verse. In dealing with the lesser Elizabethans, when he had exhausted all other superlatives, he began to compare his man with Shakespeare and to suggest possible superiorities. It was to this method that he had recourse here in order to save himself from anticlimax; but the very excess of his hyperbole provokes not attention but a smile. Yet the fact that, save for the unusually arid article by Thomas Seccombe in the "Dictionary of National Biography," the field should have been left to Swinburne undisputed—it was likewise he who contributed the Britannica article—is a reflection on the critical acumen of some of our Elizabethan specialists; for there are qualities, and especially flashes of superb poetry, in Tourneur which cannot be matched in the more pedestrian pages of Heywood or Middleton or Massinger, the lengthy discussion of whose work has blunted the nib of many a scholar's pen.

In any case, the fact remains that Swinburne alone seems to have challenged the ghost of this gloomy and lonely contemporary of Shakespeare who could have said with one of his fellow-dramatists:

> My soul like to a ship in a black storm,
> Is driven, I know not whither.

How slack, or, rather, how comparatively non-existent was the interest in Tourneur we may judge also from the fact that until Mr. Gordon Godwin pointed out the references to him in the Calendar of State Papers in the *Academy* of May 9, 1891, we knew absolutely nothing about his life. Like his works, his career was shrouded in darkness. We know now that he was born probably in 1575, and died in 1626, and that he spent some time in the Low Countries; for on December 23, 1613, he was granted forty-one shillings upon a warrant signed by the Lord Chamberlain "for his charges and paines in carrying letters for his Majestie's service to Brussels." The rest is silence, or is told in broken bits in the plays and poems. A "Funerall Poeme, Vpon the Death of the Most Worthie and True Souldier Sir Francis Vere Knight," who incidentally is celebrated as the hero of Nieuport and Ostend, would seem to indicate that he enjoyed the patronage of that house; and later relationship with other members of that family seems to confirm this. It may well be, therefore, that he had himself seen the fighting on the Flemish coast in 1600-1604, which he describes so strikingly in the passage I am to quote.

It is taken from "The Atheist's Tragedie," published in 1611, and is to be found under the quaint Latin rubric, "Actus Secundi, Scena Prima," which opens characteristically with "Musike. A Banquet. In the Night." It is told by Borachio, who is disguised as a soldier and is announced as returning from Ostend. He is asked by D'Amville to give the news, and begins:

> The enemy, defeated of a fair
> Advantage by a flatt'ring stratagem,
> Plants all the artillery against the town;
> Whose thunder and lightning made our bulwarks shake,
> And threatened in that terrible report
> The storm wherewith they meant to second it.
> The assault was general. But, for the place
> That promised most advantage to be forced,
> The pride of all their army was drawn forth
> And equally divided into front
> And rear. They marched, and coming to a stand,
> Ready to pass our channel at an ebb,
> We advised it for our safest course, to draw
> Our sluices up and mak't impassable.
> Our governor opposed and suffered them
> To charge us home e'en to the rampier's foot.
> But when their front was forcing up our breach
> At push o' pike, then did his policy
> Let go the sluices, and tripped up the heels
> Of the whole body of their troop that stood
> Within the violent current of the stream.
> Their front, beleaguered 'twixt the water and
> The town, seeing the flood was grown too deep
> To promise them a safe retreat, exposed
> The force of all their spirits (like the last
> Expiring gasp of a strong-hearted man)
> Upon the hazard of one charge, but were
> Oppressed, and fell. The rest that could not swim
> Were only drowned; but those that thought to 'scape
> By swimming, were by murderers that flanked
> The level of the flood, both drowned and slain.
>
> D'AMVILLE. Now by my soul, soldier, a brave service.
>
> MONTFERRERS. O what became of my dear Charlemont?
>
> BORACHIO. Walking next day upon the fatal shore,
> Among the slaughtered bodies of their men
> Which the full-stomached sea had cast upon
> The sands, it was my unhappy chance to light
> Upon a face, whose favour when it lived,
> My astonished mind informed me I had seen.
> He lay in 's armour, as if that had been
> His coffin; and the weeping sea, like one
> Whose milder temper doth lament the death
> Of him whom in his rage he slew, runs up
> The shore, embraces him, kisses his cheek,
> Goes back again, and forces up the sand
> To bury him, and every time it parts
> Sheds tears upon him, till at last (as if
> It could no longer endure to see the man
> Whom it had slain, yet loth to leave him) with
> A kind of unresolved unwilling pace
> Winding her waves one in another, like
> A man that folds his arms or wrings his hands
> For grief, ebbed from the body, and descends
> As if it would sink down into the earth,
> And hide itself for shame of such a deed.

We need make no apology, surely, for quoting the lines on the discovery of Charlemont's body by the shore, for they are justified by the fact that Charles Lamb loved them and quotes them with particular approval in his "Specimens from the Dramatic Poets." It is only fair to say that the description of the battle which, so far as I know, has been altogether disregarded, is better than much of the work of this sullen genius, who seems to have plunged into horror and darkness in a blind search for light. Either we are mistaken in our estimate or it is also better than many a passage much more frequently quoted. It is in such excerpts that Tourneur is at his best. They are but flashes in this "thunderstorm of a play." He seemed to live in darkness like a hooded hawk; but once he saw the light its effect was dazzling. That "The Atheist's Tragedie" has grievous faults as a play and that it is far less satisfactory than "The Revenger's Tragedie," his only other extant drama, which preceded it in publication though probably not in date of composition, is not to be denied. His genius was fitful and his inspiration gusty, and he fails here to redeem even with the angry beauty of his verse the jumbled stretches of his extraordinary narrative. But when it comes, his light is lightning and doubtless, in the words of his fellow Elizabethan, the time has not yet arrived when critics can afford

> To fill an hour-glass with his mouldered ashes.

Deeply preoccupied, or rather obsessed as he was, with the question of the existence of evil, it is also characteristic of the dramatist's perverse temper that this most beautiful description should, in the next scene, prove to be a fraudulent invention designed merely to deceive by the despicable Borachio. Tourneur prefers to attack the moral problem from the reverse side, and evidently took a deeper satisfaction in showing what a goodly outside falsehood hath than in declaring the splendor of truth.

If the fighting of the past few weeks may momentarily revive an interest in this three-century-old description of the battle of Ostend, it is also, under all the circumstances, well to consider the question whether Cyril Tourneur's work does not possess, even in the stiff competition of the Elizabethans, sufficient distinction to win for him a more honorable and independent place in English literary history.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.
Princeton, N. J.

Poetry

FRANCE.

Half artist and half anchorite,
  Part siren and part Socrates,
Her face—alluring fair, yet recondite—
  Smiled through her salons and academies.

Lightly she wore her double mask
  Till sudden, at war's kindling spark,
Her inmost self, in shining mail and casque,
  Blazed to the world her single soul—
    Jeanne d'Arc!

PERCY MACKAYE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

PROFESSOR DARMSTAEDTER REPLIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Prof. Arthur O. Lovejoy has made, in the *Nation* of September 24, a quite unjustified attack on the honor of German scholars. He says that the statements of the pamphlet, "Truth About Germany," are false, but he has not tried to prove his assertions. On the contrary, there is now ample documentary evidence for the statement that France and England planned to attack Germany by the way of Belgium, and that Belgium was a member of the Entente. Mr. Lovejoy points to the negotiations concerning the Servian affair, and especially to the communications of the Russian Government of July 30 and 31, and to the declaration of Sir Edward Grey of July 31. He says that on the same day, with these pledges before it, the German Government sent ultimata to Russia and France. I don't discuss the real value of the Russian and the English communications—the Russian proposition involved a humiliation of Austria—but Mr. Lovejoy forgets a central fact: the total mobilization of the Russian army. Is that "historical objectivity"?

Paul Darmstaedter.
Professor in the University of Göttingen.

Göttingen, Germany, October 16.

ENGLAND'S VIOLATION OF NEUTRAL TERRITORY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you allow me to correct an important misstatement made by Dr. F. C. Conybeare in your issue of October 29? He writes: "There is a significant contrast between their [the Germans'] treatment of Belgium now and our treatment of Portugal in the Transvaal war. Had we chosen to violate Portugal's neutrality . . . we could have struck direct at Pretoria and have ended the campaign in a few weeks. Would modern Germany have shown the same scrupulous respect for the rights of a weak state like Portugal? I am far from justifying the Transvaal war . . . but I do maintain that, in respecting the neutrality of Portugal, we set an example which Germany might well have followed." As a matter of fact, England did violate Portuguese territory by moving troops through it at that time. This fact is noted by Sir Thomas Barclay, writing on "Neutrality" in the Encyclopædia Britannica, and is called by him "an unfortunate precedent of taking advantage of the practical powerlessness of neighboring states to commit a violation of the law of nations."

Surely there was never such a case of the mote and the beam as we now see in England's attitude. This self-styled "defender of the rights of small nations to exist" but a dozen years ago beat down and annexed two free republics in South Africa. I am far from justifying Germany's invasion of Belgium, but of the two crimes England's is the blacker and more wanton. As a friend to both Germany and England, I note that this war, which has raised the former to a high pitch of heroism and devotion, has debauched the honor of the latter. No suppression of the truth, no falsehood is too mean for the English papers, headed by their Official News Bureau, to blacken the character of her enemy. While her leading writers—H. G. Wells and others—not satisfied with having odds of three to one in men and resources, come to us pleading for our help in underhand and inhumane ways, they complain of German efforts to present their case to us as something unfair and wrong. Germany's "campaign" in this country has been unobtrusive; all that I have noticed is that our papers are full of letters by Englishmen, and that English firms are advertising everywhere that they will send "Germany's infamous proposals" and other partisan literature to any address at nominal cost. This *is legitimate, but let us at least have a fair* field for all.

Preserved Smith.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., November 1.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of October 29, Dr. F. C. Conybeare, of Oxford, England, after contrasting the German treatment of the Belgians with the British treatment of the Portuguese in the Boer war, continues: "Had we chosen to violate Portugal's neutrality and advanced through the harbor of Lorenzo Marquez, we could have struck direct at Pretoria and ended the campaign in a few weeks. Would modern Germany have shown the same scrupulous respect for the rights of a weak state like Portugal?"

It is a matter of record that just as soon as the British had landed enough troops in Capetown to keep the Boer armies and agents out of Cape Colony and relieve Ladysmith and Kimberley, they did move upon the flank of the Boers through Lorenzo Marquez. The Boers protested to the civilized world, and especially to America, against this breach of neutrality, but, owing to the lack of organized publicity, could not keep up the clamor of protest which seems necessary for the maintenance of international sympathy. The Portuguese were too much cowed or too partisan to speak.

This act of the British was moreover the second violation of neutrality in their relations with the Boers. The first was the Jameson raid, an enterprise of pure piracy. This raid was a treacherous armed invasion of a friendly country, with the avowed intention of bringing about annexation to Great Britain. Jameson and his accomplices were taken prisoners. The Boers, who legally would have been justified in lining the conspirators up against a wall and shooting them, chose the more courteous method of delivering them to the British for punishment. The British, instead of punishing, lionized them as patriots and heroes, thereby nationally ratifying their conspiracy. It was manifest from that time on to all who had read the history of the growth of the British Empire, and particularly to the poor Boers, that the British, with that amazing naïveté of theirs, which never recognizes its real purposes for the mist of sanctimoniousness it spreads over them, were vaguely but unalterably bound for the subjugation of another free and capable race.

After the destruction of the national identity of the Boers, the British, in conjunction with the Russians, by a less red-handed but equally flagrant breach of neutrality, strangled Persia when it was just beginning, under the able and unselfish administration of an American, Mr. Morgan Shuster, to get on its feet. It would be well for Dr. Conybeare, and for many Americans who are forgetting that America is not only politically but racially distinct from Britain, to read Mr. Shuster's account of this most recent ruthless undoing of a neutral country, in "The Strangling of Persia." It is strange how silent has been our press, which assiduously drags out every extreme saying of every extreme and irresponsible German writer to make out a case against Germany, upon Mr. Shuster's illuminating and authentic story.

It would also be well for Dr. Conybeare to ponder the continued exaction of the pound of flesh which was the reward of the opium war, made upon a neutral and helpless nation. Great and cruel as is the misery visited upon the Belgian people, it is trifling in comparison to the destruction of life and happiness which has been, and *still continues* to be, the result of the opium crime.

The British, as a nation, are always willing to regret, as does Dr. Conybeare, in speaking of the subjugation of the Boers, their past offences—as willing to regret as they are unwilling to restore the unholy fruits of those offences. It is one of the mysteries of psychic life that their profitful regrets should roll forever tracelessly from the oily coat of their national conscience.

Martin Schuetze.

The University of Chicago, October 30.

GERMANS PLUNDERING IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: During the recent battles of the Marne, the German Crown Prince, in command of his army, passed two nights in the Château de Baye. The state in which his visit left the unique collection of art objects made by the late Baron de Baye during remote explorations of twenty-eight years has been described by the Baroness:

All the numerous glass cases in a gallery one hundred and fifty feet long were broken and pillaged. Arms and unique jewels and medals have been stolen; precious vases and chiselled gold cups stolen; all the magnificent presents with which the Czar honored M. de Baye in remembrance of his art explorations in Russia, stolen also. In the special museum of 1812, admirable icons, tapestries, miniatures, and the like have been stolen. And souvenirs—the things dearest to the heart—have been taken with the rest. The rarest pieces of furniture and pictures had been boxed up, with a choice that astonishes in a vandal; but, in the precipitate retreat, the last cases were abandoned.

This is the fact—an "enormous" fact, as it is characterized by Edouard Clunet, whose mastery of international law is as well known in England and America as in France and all Europe. He has examined the fact in its judicial aspects under the forty-sixth and forty-seventh articles of the Fourth Convention of The Hague, with the preliminary sanction of the third article:

The belligerent party, violating these articles, shall be held to an indemnity—and shall be responsible for all acts committed by persons forming part of its army.

These articles were signed by Germany with the other nations on the eighteenth day of October, 1907—barely seven years ago. I am not competent in matters falling under the international laws of war; and what is going on fosters skepticism as to the binding force of such laws. Moreover, it is hard to see what responsibility can cover the plunder and destruction of a collection made with so many years' labor under favorable circumstances that can never be found by other archæologists.

I knew these collections at first hand during their formation. Each year, on his re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turn from exploration, Baron de Baye invited me to visit his latest finds and explained them with his complete knowledge of primitive decorative art. In fact, he came on the obscure peoples of far-away Russia just as they were issuing from age-long isolation, when a thousand years in art is as one day, into conventional designs too often made in Germany."

I remember, in crude embroideries and laces, ornamental treatment of the cock's comb and other animal forms that might have been found in the mummy cloths of ancient Peru. There was pottery of the nineteenth century which, in process and design, still continued the prehistoric. Among survivals of primitive tribal religions, there were the changeless Byzantine designs treated by hand processes as old as the Scythians of Cyrus. Beside these, the Baron pointed tragically to embroidery or leather stamping in designs evidently copied from models of our commonplace primary school publications.

Such a collection, from latest survivals adding to our knowledge of the steps forward in earlier art, ought surely not to have been taken even by military Philistine culture as a thing to plunder for bright, ill-understood baubles. It was the desire of the Baron de Baye to hand it over entire to some French state museum, where its interest from fresher use of the eyes of men might be caught back in our uninteresting uniformity. It is wrong-headed to consider the enthusiasm of such as he a criticism on the accession of rude races to a higher, if more level, civilization.

> This tract which the river of Time
> Now flows through with us, is the plain.
> Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
> . . . . . .
> And we say that repose has fled
> Forever the course of the river of Time.
> That cities will crowd to its edge
> In a blacker, incessanter line;
> That the din will be more on its banks,
> Denser the trade on its stream,
> Flatter the plain where it flows. . . .

Baron de Baye had wandered far afield in archæology and travel before he settled down to Russia in Europe and Asia. Prehistoric Scandinavia, barbarous art in Hungary, and Congolese industries were described by him in turn from collections which endless curiosity and private resources allowed him to gather—to be dispersed by the new cultured vandals.

> But what was before us we know not,
> And we know not what shall succeed.

Paris, October 15. D.

AN APPEAL FROM FRANCE.

Mon Cher Confrère: Un miracle s'est accompli. La France consent à d'énormes sacrifices: elle les supporte avec une résolution calme et fervente, confiante qu'elle est dans ce sort des armes, qui n'est pas douteux. Grâce à l'active participation des armées britanniques et belges, grâce au soutien lointain mais efficace des Serbes et des Monténégrins, grâce au formidable choc des Russes, grâce à l'appui du Japon, le succès final apparaît certain aux armées de la République d'occident. Déjà, dans les ténèbres épaisses, commence à luire la lumière. Quelque dure, quelque longue que soit la lutte, la victoire d'ores et déjà nous est acquise.

Sans doute, de nombreuses fautes furent ommises par nos armées et nos chefs, vouons le, au début de la campaigne. La lutte n'est pas du tout ce que nous pensions qu'elle serait. Nous n'y étions donc pas preparés; il a fallu y former nos soldats sous le feu même de l'ennemi.

D'autre part, l'offensive que nous avons dû méner en Belgique n'était pas prevue dans les plans de notre état-major. D'où son échec. Car il y a eu un échec. Sachons le reconnaître. Mais il y a eu également une victoire, peu après, qui racheta les erreurs et qui constitue pour nous des promesses infinies.

Mais nous ne pouvons point ne pas vaincre; car il y a une Justice immanente; car il faut que triomphent les champions de la Civilisation violée et du Droit offensé. Ne le voit-on pas, en effet? De plus en plus cette guerre européenne s'affirme sainte! C'est une nouvelle croisade pour la Liberté.

Car il ne s'agit plus de l'ultimatum autrichien! Ce n'était là qu'un prétexte machiavelique et fallacieux. Si les pangermanistes ont trainé l'assassinat de l'archiduc héritier Ferdinand, c'était pour ranimer l'antique fureur de François-Joseph contre les Serbes. Et François-Joseph, incapable d'évaluer la presente situation de son Empire, n'a point encore compris qu'il avait été la dupe stupide du butor auquel il s'est soumis. La déconvenue de ses partisans sera grande, lorsque la lumière aura complètement vaincu les ténèbres. Et l'on verra alors que l'Allemagne avide s'est ruée sur la France, à l'abri de ce monstrueux prétexte, comme le lion sur l'agneau. Elle était consciente de sa force, et ne se doutait pas que ce véritable attentat au Droit et à la Liberte souleverait contre elle la croisade unanime des nations civilisées.

A tous les peuples européens la liberté sourit, que suivra la Paix des siècles. Voici déjà reconstituée la Pologne, par l'émouvant et juste appel du Tsar à la Liberté. Un mouvement tcheque, que j'assiste personellement de tout mon pouvoir, se dessine très net. La Bohême à son tour sera libérée avec les peuples slaves. C'en est fini de l'oppression des tyrans germaniques. Cette guerre sainte présente ce caractère effrayant d'un véritable cataclysme ethnique, d'une convulsion naturelle et nécessaire des races et des peuples asservis, opprimés, froissés dans leur plus intime amour-propre national par d'incessants ultimata!

Encore une fois, l'étendard sanglant est levé! Cette guerre est une croisade, dont la France sera l'héroine. La nation avide de paix qui avait fermé les yeux sur tous les abus, qui s'était toujours montrée hospitalière à ses pires ennemis, à tel point qu'elle avait fait la rapide fortune de leur commerce et s'était laissée conquérir par leur perfide infiltration, cette nation abominablement trahie est le symbole vivant et douloureux d'une oppression infame et inacceptable en ce siècle. Elle a courageusement donné le signal de la révolte, selon l'héroique tradition de ses ancêtres, pour continuer l'œuvre grandiose que ceux-ci avaient entreprise en 1789, pour réaliser enfin l'union équitable et pacifique des peuples civilisés, et pour faire loyalement et définitivement triompher, après les droits de l'individu libre, ceux des peuples égarès et des races fraternelles. Cette guerre est une croisade pour la liberté, répétons le. La France a remporté la première victoire du droit sur la force. Les autres suivront, inévitablement, pour l'Eternité.

F. Jean-Desthieux.
(Directeur de *Nos Provinces.*)

Chartres, Octobre 16.

"ARGUMENT FROM GERMANY."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent, Mr. Jacques Mayer, of Munich, asks you to print "some views concerning that country [England] and its people, possessing peculiar significance in these dreadful days." Matthew Arnold is cited for his description of English society as "An upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, a lower class brutalized." What would Matthew Arnold have had to say about the Germany of to-day? Might he not have found evidence that it had been materialized, vulgarized, and brutalized by the teachings of Nietszche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi?

Mr. Mayer quotes some bitter language of Heine about England. Why does he not quote Heine on Germany? Heine was a German himself, but no Englishman can have any objection to the poet's opinions of the two countries being published side by side. The fate of Louvain and Rheims lends a new interest, a prophetic significance, to the following language used by Heine eighty years ago:

> Christianity—and this is its highest merit—has in some degree softened, but it could not destroy, that brutal German joy of battle. When once the taming talisman, the Cross, breaks in two, the savagery of the old fighters, the senseless Berserker fury of which the northern poets sing and say so much, will gush up anew. That talisman is decayed, and the day will come when it will piteously collapse. Then the old stone gods will rise from the silent ruins, and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes. Thor, with his giant's hammer, will at last spring up, and shatter to bits the Gothic cathedrals.

Your correspondent gives what purport to be extracts from "The Crown of Wild Olive." One of these is as follows:

> And take also your English vice—the vice of jealousy which brings competition into your commerce, treachery into your councils, and dishonor into your wars.

Now, if we turn to Ruskin's lecture on "Traffic" in "The Crown of Wild Olive," we shall find that the supposed extract above written is not what Ruskin said. The original passage is as follows:

> And take also your great English vice—*European vice—vice of all the world*—vice of all other worlds that roll or shine in heaven, bearing with them yet the atmosphere of hell—the vice of jealousy, which brings competition into your commerce, treachery into your councils, and dishonor into your wars.

This is a very different thing from the garbled version given by Mr. Mayer. The quotation might be continued with advantage. Consider whether the passage applies more accurately to modern England or to modern Germany in the light of the remaining clauses:

> —that vice which has rendered for you, and for your next neighboring nation, the daily occupations of existence no longer possible, but with the mail upon your breasts and the sword loose in its sheath.

We should be grateful to your correspondent for referring us to the authority of Ruskin, for Ruskin has given a character sketch of the German which is well worth considering "in these dreadful days." It will be found in "Fors Clavigera," Letter XL, and is as follows:

> For blessing is only for the meek and merciful, and a German cannot be either; he does not understand even the meaning of the words. In that is the intense, irrecon-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cilable difference between the French and German natures. A Frenchman is selfish only when he is vile and lustful; but a German, selfish in the purest states of virtue and morality. A Frenchman is arrogant only in ignorance; but no quantity of learning ever makes a German modest. "Sir," says Albert Dürer of his own work (and he is the modestest German I know), "it cannot be better done." Luther serenely damns the entire gospel of St. James, because St. James happens to be not entirely of his own opinions.

Accordingly, when the Germans get command of Lombardy, they bombard Venice, steal her pictures (which they can't understand a single touch of), and entirely ruin the country, morally and physically, leaving behind them misery, vice, and intense hatred of themselves, wherever their accursed feet have trodden. They do precisely the same thing by France—crush her, rob her, leave her in misery of rage and shame; and return home, smacking their lips, and singing Te Deums.

How that last touch has persisted to our day!

R. W. SHANNON.

Regina, Sask., October 15.

LUTHER AND MILITARISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the article "The Lust of Empire," which was published in the *Nation* of October 22, "P. E. M." endeavors to show by a quotation that Martin Luther is partially to blame for the so-called German militarism. His quotation is taken from Luther's essay, "Can a Soldier Be in a State of Salvation?" and is so brief that it conveys a false impression. Luther in order to give force and power to his thoughts often expresses them in extreme and striking statements, which, quoted out of their context, misrepresent him. I feel certain that "P. E. M." had no sinister motive. Most likely, he has never read the remarkable essay from which the quotation is taken. I am sorry that this new misrepresentation of the great reformer has gone out into the world. In order to undo to some extent the false impression which has been created, I give your readers a translation of the whole paragraph, which is as follows:

Finally, we must not regard in the office of the soldier, this, that it destroys, burns, fights, and etc. This is what the narrow inexperienced eyes of children do, which only see that the physician cuts off the hand and saws off the leg, but do not see or notice that he is concerned in saving the whole body. For we must look upon the office of the soldier and the function of the sword with manly eyes, wherefor it slays and commits such horrible deeds, for then will it prove itself to be a divine office as needful and useful to the world as eating and drinking and any other work. The fact that some abuse the office, slay and beat wilfully without necessity, is not to be charged to the office, but to the person. Where is there an office or work, or ever so good a thing which wilfully wicked people do not abuse? Such people are like a mad physician who would cut off a man's hand wilfully without necessity, yea they are a part of that general strife and discord which must be suppressed by just war or sword, and coerced into peace, as everywhere it comes to pass, and has come to pass that they are beaten who began war without necessity. For in the end they cannot escape God's judgment, to wit, his sword.

Luther regarded the office of the soldier and war as necessary for peace and protection. He writes in this same essay, "What is war but punishing injustice and wickedness? Why do we war but because we want peace and obedience?" Mr. Roosevelt and his armed fist expresses Luther's idea exactly.

In conclusion, I take the occasion to add in reference to the article that I cannot see why the lust of empire is a crime for Germany and not for England and Russia, why the invasion of neutral Belgium on the part of Germany is worse than the betrayal and division of neutral Persia by England and Russia, or the present violation of Chinese neutrality. It seems to me it's the old story of whose ox is being gored.

J. FREDERIC WENCHEL.

Washington, D. C., October 23.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The real point is—and this I might have stated more specifically—that the sentence is used by Bernhardi to justify the present spirit of militarism. Nor can I see that the context modifies its application in any essential point. The militarists also believe that war is "a divine office" for "saving the whole body," and admit that it may be abused.

P. E. M.

Princeton, N. J., October 30.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE RED CROSS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Crossing Ireland on the way to the Aran Islands this spring, I found myself delayed in a little provincial inn, and there observed what impressed me as a very curious though extremely practical custom. Whenever I entered the coffee-room I would find in front of my plate a small and rather battered tin box in which a hole was roughly pierced, large enough to admit of a copper penny. I observed that every man who breakfasted or dined there left a penny beside his plate, and knowing how inevitable the small tip is in these districts, I was surprised to see the waiter collect these pennies and drop them in the box. A short time afterwards I was forced to spend a dreary Sunday in another one of these little inns, and observed the same proceeding. Upon inquiry I was informed that every commercial traveller is bound by an unwritten law at every meal to leave one penny and no more behind as a contribution to the support of the orphans of commercial travellers. The custom is absolutely universal in Ireland, and no attempt is made to conceal or disguise the box.

Now, of course, this is crude, but it is also certainly obtrusive, and in it there is, I think, the germ of a large practical movement which might be inaugurated without expense in this country for the benefit of Red Cross work. The presence of this box before you is a social compulsion in Ireland. It is absolutely impossible to avoid it, and yet the slight toll it involves works no hardship to any one. In a time of great emergency such as the present, might we not waive the crude appearance of this little box, and introduce its use generally as an unwritten law while the war lasts? With cordial coöperation, the opportunity for every one to assist the Red Cross work in this way is almost unlimited.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN.

South Yarmouth, Mass., October 26.

RICHARD M. MEYER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: By the recent death of Prof. Richard M. Meyer, of the University of Berlin, Germanic studies lose one of their most distinguished representatives and many former American students a personal friend. Professor Meyer, who was in his fifty-fifth year at the time of his death, was a native of Berlin, and most of his academic career was passed in the University there. His reputation was established twenty years ago by the publication of his critical biography of Goethe, for which he received a prize offered by a Leipzig society. This work is still one of the most valuable aids to the study of Goethe, though its reputation has been somewhat overshadowed by the similar work of Bielschowsky. In 1900 Professor Meyer published his "Geschichte der deutschen Literatur des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts," his longest and probably his best book. In the first edition of this exhaustive work the author made the grave mistake of arranging his material by decades with the birth-years of the individual writers as the determining factor. The work was, however, thoroughly recast in a later edition, and one may now enjoy the excellent detailed criticisms in which the book abounds, while preserving at the same time a rational perspective. The author's "Grundriss der neueren deutschen Literatur" forms a serviceable bibliographical pendant to this work. It is probable that Professor Meyer's volume on Nietzsche (reviewed in the *Nation*, March 5, 1914) will be remembered as the most important of his other books.

Professor Meyer was also active in the older fields of investigation, but here, I am inclined to think, with less success. Certainly such books as "Altgermanische Poesie" and "Altgermanische Religionsgeschichte" failed to impress greatly the learned world. Indeed, Professor Meyer once admitted to me that he did not undertake such work *con amore*, but rather to broaden himself and to escape the imputation of being a mere bellettrist. His prime interest was modern literature in its widest phases. Yet the charge of dilettantism could not be brought against him.

In spite of the amount and quality of his work, Professor Meyer never received the highest academic honors. He remained until the end an "ausserordentlicher Professor," a grade beyond which he would have found it impossible to rise in a Prussian university without abjuring the Hebrew faith in which he had been brought up and to which he adhered nominally for reasons of family pride. It was known among his friends that he revolted with inward indignation against this unjust restriction; yet his disposition did not become soured, nor was his outward bearing ever anything but frank and cheerful. He was a good lecturer, notwithstanding certain mannerisms such as an unusually rapid utterance and a too marked rhythm of intonation. His courses were always well attended and enthusiastically praised. But, what is rarer, he succeeded also in coming into very close touch with the maturer and more serious of his students outside the classroom. He and Frau Meyer were in the habit of keeping open house on five afternoons a week, on which occasions their home in Vossstrasse was a rendezvous where students were cordially welcomed and were often privileged to meet many interesting people of the non-academic world. Such intimate personal relations between professor and student are uncommon enough in the larger German universities of to-day; it is to be feared that they will not soon be reproduced under such delightful auspices.

W. K. STEWART.

Hanover, N. H., October 21.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literature

PARNELL AND MRS. O'SHEA.

Charles Stewart Parnell: His Love Story and Political Life. By Katharine O'Shea (Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell). 2 vols. New York: George H. Doran Co. $5 net.

There are some private disgraces which are public calamities. Such was the case of O'Shea *v.* O'Shea and Parnell, in November, 1890, in which Capt. W. H. O'Shea sued for divorce from his wife on the ground of her adultery with Charles Stewart Parnell. The scandal which at once exploded tore the Irish party asunder, drove Parnell into frantic but vain efforts to retain his leadership, and undoubtedly hastened his death. One would think that the sad business might have been left with that. But Mrs. O'Shea—she was Mrs. Parnell for a brief period—has chosen to lay the whole thing open. Over the initial question of the good taste of this performance one need not pause. It simply is frightful in the woman with whom Parnell was infatuated, and with whom he lived in guilt for years, to publish all the private letters of his contained in these volumes. Botanizing on a mother's grave is nothing to this. Another might have done it, fifty years from now, but she herself! True, she informs us that she has kept back something: "just a few of the little messages of my husband's love . . . I must keep for my own heart to live upon." But in the most amazing and, in our judgment, unforgivable way she has broken lock and seal as if there were nothing that the many-headed beast were not entitled to know.

Ah, but she had a high public motive. She desired to vindicate Parnell—by proving that he was not a "victim" of an unscrupulous woman, but sinned with his eyes open. She also desired to vindicate herself, apparently thinking that she owes this to her son. She even seems to wish to vindicate Capt. O'Shea! Such moral obfuscations attached to Parnell's *liaison* with Mrs. O'Shea, and the world-echoing suit for divorce, from the first. When Parnell, after the revelation, went to meet the Irish members of Parliament, to fight it out, one of them was asked if the Chief betrayed any sense of having done wrong. "Not at all," was the reply; "he treated us all as if somehow we had committed adultery with his wife!" This is hardly an exaggeration of the topsy-turviness which marks these volumes. It is impossible to accept the point of view here taken, whether as regards Parnell's attitude, or Mrs. O'Shea's, or her husband's, without feeling that all logical distinctions—we will not say moral—are obliterated. It is not a matter to be argued. One perceives it, or one does not. If one does, one shudders and passes.

On a single point in the sorry mess may a word be ventured. Mrs. O'Shea would have us believe that, till the very end, Capt. O'Shea did not know the nature of her relations with Parnell, maintained for years. Parnell's child he thought to be his own. The intimate association he was aware of, yes, but considered it pure friendship based on a community of political interest. Now, to this it may be said not alone that if Capt. O'Shea did not know that his wife was Parnell's mistress he was the blindest of mortals, ignorant of what hundreds knew, but that the view cannot be reconciled with many of the unwitting betrayals in these pages. We will not press the fact that as far back as 1881 Capt. O'Shea found Parnell's portmanteau in his wife's rooms, and sent Parnell a challenge to fight a duel. That was patched up; and deceit skilful enough might have allayed those early suspicions. But what are we to infer from the letter which the Captain wrote to his wife when Parnell would not find him a seat in Parliament, that he "meant to hit back a stunner"? That he had packed his shell with dynamite in order to "send a blackguard's reputation with his deluded countrymen into smithereens"? This was in 1885, and did it not threaten the divorce suit of 1890? Shortly afterwards, Parnell did find a Parliamentary seat for Capt. O'Shea, forcing him upon reluctant Galway. Against this Mr. Biggar, among others, angrily protested, and made speeches in Galway asserting that Mrs. O'Shea was Parnell's mistress, and that the Galway seat had been given him as a "hush-gift." To be sure, Capt. O'Shea declared, five years later, and after Parnell was dead, that "no statement made by the late Mr. Biggar could have affected my mind." The reason was that the man was such a general slanderer! But is this credible? And what did Mrs. O'Shea mean by writing to her husband in 1887, in reply to a complaint by him, that "the only person who has ever tarnished your honor has been yourself"? What did the Captain himself mean by writing the same year to his wife's solicitor about the "reports being wide and strong as to her relations with Mr. Parnell"? As a final plea after the event, we find Capt. O'Shea protesting that if Parnell could have proved "connivance," he would have won the divorce case. But put this beside Parnell's resolute refusal, recorded here, to fight the matter in court: "No, Queenie. What's the use? We want the divorce. . . . We have been longing for this freedom all these years."

What a set! exclaimed Matthew Arnold of another group given to marital irregularities, and with some such cry must we pass from the "love story"—the tense tragedy of which we do not deny—to the public aspects of Parnell made clearer to us by Mrs. O'Shea's reports, comments, and documents. His relations with Gladstone early involved her. She was used as a go-between, in the days when it was important for both Parnell and Gladstone not to meet openly. Mrs. O'Shea admits that Gladstone's manner to her was always "charming." To her, he referred to Parnell only as "your friend." But she asserts that he had long known the truth. "For ten years Gladstone had known of the relations between Parnell and myself." Whether for such a period or not, it is highly probable that Gladstone did know. John Morley virtually admits it. Gladstone, he says, would not set himself up as a judge of the private lives of politicians. But when the private scandal blazed on the heavens, then, as we know, he had to act. For this Mrs. O'Shea denounces him as a hypocrite. She quotes Parnell himself, at the time of the divorce case: "They are afraid of shocking Mr. Gladstone." This was his sarcastic reply to her passionate question: "Why does it matter more now? They have all known for years." But Parnell, though he raged at the hypocrisy of the English "wolves," howling for his blood, had been clear-sighted enough years before to see exactly what would happen. "Over and over again had Parnell said: 'Once we get Home Rule through, Ireland is safe, and we [meaning himself and Mrs. O'Shea] may be happy in the sight of all the world; but till then I fear these English hypocrites.'" So he was not really surprised, though he pretended to be. And he did not especially blame Gladstone. His frequent name for him in private was the "Grand Old Spider." And when he was once at Hawarden, seated next Miss Gladstone at dinner, he said when she asked him who was the greatest actor he had ever seen: "Your father, undoubtedly."

The hiding of Parnell's political strength is often hinted at in these pages. His cold energy and inflexible will appear frequently, as his attitude towards this or that colleague, or the changing aspects of his cause, is revealed. He knew his problem; he knew the Irish people, and how to lead them. It might be said of him, as of another, that they held him up on their necks, for his heel was there. He would brook no opposition from within his following. "As long as I am leader, they must be tools, or else they must go." And his mystery, his frequent long disappearances, his ignoring of engagements, his absenting himself from meetings at which he had promised to speak—all were parts, not only of his personality, but of his deliberate plan. When asked a direct question face to face, by an Irish leader, he was capable of making no answer at all. When leaving an audience in the lurch, he would not even telegraph an explanation or a regret. "You do not learn the ethics of kingship, Queenie. Never explain, never apologize"; adding, with his rare laugh: "I could never keep my rabble together if I were not above the human weakness of apology." There are many such lightings up of Parnell's character in these volumes; and therein resides their true value.

There can be no doubt that Parnell's passion for Mrs. O'Shea was overmastering to the point of being terrible. The same drive of will, recking not of consequences, which he put into his public work, he carried into this infatuation. At the time of their first meeting, Mrs. O'Shea accidentally dropped a rose. "He picked it up, and, touching it lightly with his lips, placed it in his buttonhole. This rose I found long years afterward done up in an envelope, with my name and the date, among his most private papers,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and when he died I laid it upon his heart." Evidently, the man was intense in his illicit love. And he found, or thought he found, happiness in it. But when he lay dying he might well have made his own the words of one of old: "Draw thy sword and kill me, that men say not of me, A woman slew him."

CURRENT FICTION.

Wintering Hay. By John Trevena. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

John Trevena's earlier novels, "Furze the Cruel" and its immediate successors, suggested Mr. Phillpotts in other matters than their setting. An eye and a tongue for the grandeur and beauty of a natural scene in which human figures have their place—these the younger celebrant of Dartmoor seemed to have in common with the elder; something, too, of his kindly Olympian humor, his smiling appreciation of the littleness and dearness and fundamental wholesomeness of man. There was, to be sure, only a hint of the latter, and it has quite vanished from Trevena's later work. Even at the outset he wandered perilously near the line that divides what is grim from what is morbid. His realism lacked the balance-wheel of health which has protected the realism of Mr. Phillpotts in the most desperate conditions. Often a young author (Trevena is not very young, but his authorship may still be called so) grows into such health. This one appears to have lost all chance of it. The confused fanciful melancholy of "Bracken," its misdirected or undirected ardor of imagination, its moral impotence, are to be found again, if less repellently, in "Wintering Hay." The bits of symbolism—the Green Way found by young, dreaming Cyril, and lost with his innocence; the fir tree which is his Christmas gift from the pixies and which he profanes—suggest an idealism which the tale leaves thin and insubstantial.

The plot, the basis of it at least, is such as Mr. Phillpotts might have chosen. The boy Cyril, fresh from the Green Way and bearing his mystical gift, comes upon a worthless cottager beating his mistress, and strikes him down. The man is known to have a weak heart, but Cyril's blow is the direct cause of his death. Flinching from the scandal sure to attend a public explanation, Cyril, with the reluctant assent of the woman, buries the body, and plants his fir tree over it. Then what to do with his life? Phillpotts would have answered the question directly and courageously, if at length. His Cyril would have been a man, to begin with, responsible in some sort to himself and to his fellow men. This Cyril is a coward and a weakling. The fact of his crime does not prey upon his mind; his fears are merely pusillanimous. If he abandons the pure girl who loves him, and becomes drunkard, thief, and libertine, it is not because he despairs of himself. He is simply a poltroon, morally flabby from the beginning. Therefore he is not interesting, either as murderer, thief, or as the successful author he is alleged to have become. His creator appears to admire him in his final rôle of hermit, complacently withdrawn to the bosom of Nature. The past does not trouble him. "The gentle scholar, who had forced himself into the world of human beings to end the poacher's life, hasten the inevitable death of his kindliest friend, and drive out the girl-wife to be murdered, the man who could not harm a living thing, the man who taught morality and courage, had come to peace, and reached perfect happiness with what was most beautiful in present life: Nature, clad in working wonders, lying in light and loneliness upon the land."

With which burst of vague alliteration we are glad to part company with Cyril.

The Honorable Percival. By Alice Hegan Rice. New York: The Century Co.

With "A Romance of Billygoat Hill," Mrs. Rice disappointed many of her admirers. It was an attempt at a novel of a too familiar order. It lacked the lightness and spontaneity of her natural work, such work as is instanced in the present little volume. She needs little in the way of material. The Honorable Percival himself is a thoroughly conventional figure, the stage Englishman of birth, monocle and all. He hardly emerges from the type, but that is evidently because Mrs. Rice does not think it worth while to have him. He does very well as he is, being chiefly valuable as foil and victim of the irresistible "Bobby." That young lady is connected also with a type, the charming and irrepressible, the impossible and irresistible American maiden of literary tradition—a Daisy Miller to date. But she easily transcends the type, a personality as real as Mrs. Wiggs herself. Her exuberance, her easy ways with men, her abandon to the joy of the moment, her casual dress and unladylike manner, her heart of a strong woman half-hidden in the body of a lively girl, her deep-lying poise and justified confidence in herself and in all men—if these qualities belong to the type, Mrs. Rice has invested Bobby, as though without effort, with an individual charm. To that charm, the Honorable Percival falls a victim, but in vain, for Bobby's heart is firmly planted in Wyoming. Only Mrs. Rice would have thought of the novelty of denying her heroine the privilege of becoming mistress of Hascombe Hall, hereditary seat of the Earls of Westenhanger. But indeed it is easier to fancy beautiful Bobby free on her Western range than anchored to any seat whatever.

Night Watches. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

When Mr. Jacobs's stories first appeared, they were a pure joy. He had made his own a field hitherto unexploited—the waterside of the Thames, the slow-moving barges of the English canals, the tramp vessels that progress in leisurely fashion from harbor to harbor of the British coast. It was a new atmosphere and a new kind of humor that he revealed, and so long as it remained fresh and spontaneous it was delightful. "The Skipper's Wooing" was extravagant and the reverse of subtle, but it was extremely good fun. There have been signs recently that Mr. Jacobs has fallen victim to his popularity and to his own facility in ringing the changes on the same characters, and this impression is confirmed by the present volume. The sketches in "Night Watches" are not unamusing, but they lack spontaneity—and it is time that the night watchman was relieved.

The Scarlet Wagon. By Claude M. Girardeau. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

If Mesopotamia is a blessed word, Scarlet is an ominous one. But in this story there is nothing more lurid than the well-controlled machinations of the villains who stole the treasure. We owe them thanks. Had they not stolen it, it could not have been buried on the Delaware coast. Little Bob Scarlet could not have learned its whereabouts by chance and by a Spanish memorandum; nor could he have become the hero of the rescue, a rescue involving a midnight ride to a cemetery, a kidnapping, a girl conspirator, and other attractions. If these be not enough to tempt a reader, there is a complete, separable story of the domestic life of Bob; of his washwoman mother, his beachcomber father, his fat and grimy little brother, his disintegrating wagon, and his collapsible horse. To some readers this will be the real half of the story, recalling the school of fiction in which Mrs. Wiggs and Hopkinson Smith's lady hauler are shining figures. The story is appropriately dedicated "to all the nieces and nephews of the Bedtime Brigade," who will hear gladly the tale of a miniature conspiracy.

The House of Deceit. Anonymous. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Here is a book just published but written (if one may rely upon the argument of internal evidence) before the Robert Elsmere school of fiction vanished from the stage—in other words, before sociology replaced theology as the background of respectable British novels and the excuse to the serious for their very existence. In those days your English-made story had a way of transmuting itself into a sectarian tract, just as nowadays it often turns out to be the innocent envelope of a socialist petard. This particular tale begins to fade into a tract about two-thirds of the way through, but only emerges at the last line in its true character—as a warning to Anglicans not to go over to Rome. It was written, anyhow, before the days of automobiles—which puts it back a full decade and more.

What is notable about the book, however, is the quality of that part of it which is not tract at all, but solid British fiction. The figure of the fervent young mountebank, the protagonist, is as horribly human as one of Mr. H. G. Wells's shop assistants, and not less modern in essentials, though the career mapped out for him is carefully modelled on the original which furnished Mr. An-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thony Hope's forgotten Quisante. Beginning a smug, prayerful youth in a celluloid collar, he narrowly escapes ending as Prime Minister, after marrying the daughter of a rich and rigid pillar of non-conformity, whose portrait furnishes further striking evidence of the author's understanding of certain of his countrymen. There is a young woman, also, of a station in life not far removed from that of Mr. Bernard Shaw's Covent Garden flower-girl in "Pygmalion." This young woman's picture is fit to stand alongside almost any of the same type that have been done of late by specialists in London slum life. Moreover, all these persons, and others, are linked into a story which commands the reader's respectful interest—at least till near the three-quarter post. One is tempted to sum up by saying that the author (a fairly well-known writer who chooses in this case to remain anonymous) might have written a real novel if he could only have forgotten his principles long enough to get the story done.

THE REFORMING SPIRIT.

Spiritual Reformers in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By Rufus M. Jones. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

Students of the Protestant Reformation have generally been far too much occupied with the great organized reform movements and have given far too little attention to those other tendencies of the time which have left no permanent religious-social structures behind them. The "successes" of the reforming spirit have naturally drawn the admiration of mankind; its "failures" have excited pity, perhaps even sympathy, but they could be left to the chapter of religious curiosities. Recently, however, we have been reminded with increasing frequency of the great importance of precisely these less imposing phenomena in determining the long result. The followers of Caspar Schwenkfeld in this country are presenting in monumental form the original material of their gradually disappearing group. We had occasion not long since to call attention to Prof. H. C. Vedder's interesting study of the Reformation with its especial emphasis upon the contribution of the Anabaptist wing, and now Prof. Rufus M. Jones, of Haverford College, presents a volume of sketches of what he calls "Spiritual Reformers in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries."

Dr. Jones has already won favor by his studies in Mysticism and in the history of the Quakers in America, and this volume may be regarded as an incident in his researches; for he holds out the promise of an early continuation of his previous work on the Quakers. He brings to his task unusual qualifications, unusual especially in a writer identified, as he is, with the religious group he is attempting to describe. It is a great temptation, to which writers under similar conditions have often fallen victims, to present the set of ideas that immediately concern them as the supremely important, even as the only important, phases of the movement they illustrate. Dr. Jones is not misled by his natural sympathies. He recognizes that the Reformation was more than a purely religious affair. To make it practically effective its great leaders, Luther, Calvin, Knox, had to take into account all the elements, social and political, needed to produce positive new constructions to take the place of the old. To this end compromises of many kinds were inevitable. The question was not as to the ideally and ultimately best, but, above all, as to what would work without sacrifice of the essentials.

The efforts of the new builders were, therefore, directed quite as much, sometimes even more, against what they called the radicals or the fanatics of their own party as against the defenders of the old establishments. These "radicals" included among others the group which Dr. Jones classifies as spiritual reformers. Taken as a class, they were either indifferent to organization in religion or positively opposed to it. They sought their final sanctions, not in any authority whatsoever, not even in a written Word, but in a fundamental and essential relation between the individual human soul and the God who was the ultimate source of all truth as of all being. It was a part of their conception of God that he should be always revealing Himself to the enlightened understanding, and this revelation is what they meant by God's word. Scripture they gladly included as a part, but only a part, of this divine word.

The resemblance of such ideas to what is commonly called mysticism is obvious; but Dr. Jones makes clear with great delicacy of analysis that the two are not the same thing. Historically, mysticism tended to become either scholastic in its refinements of definition or simply ecstatic in its rejection of all intellectual process. Mysticism busied itself with the methods by which divine truth could be attained. Dr. Jones's spiritual reformers believed that the "Light" was always ready to shine in upon the heart as soon as the way was opened for it by the receptive attitude of the believing individual. They cared little for history, their use of Scripture was often wildly capricious, their theology was the reverse of subtle. Their whole interest was absorbed in making real on earth the moral teaching and the spiritual insight which they found in the record of the life of Jesus. To bring this directly to the consciousness of others by showing them how simple was the way of enlightenment was their only substitute for the mechanisms of both the ancient and the "reformed" organizations.

In an introduction of fifty pages written with perfect clearness and often with great beauty of expression Dr. Jones sets forth these general characteristics of spiritual religion. He then goes on to treat in separate chapters the several exponents of the common ideas. In each case just enough biographical material is given to set the person in his right place and time, but we are spared all those trivial personalities that tend rather to confuse than to enlighten. Then we are introduced to the principal writings of the person in question, and these are analyzed with the purpose of bringing out the writer's relation to the whole spiritual movement. There are seventeen individuals thus brought together as types of a widespread tendency. The striking thing is that they seldom stand in the relation of master and pupil. In the great majority of cases they work out, each for himself, the solution of the spiritual problem which most appeals to them. They cannot be described as a "school," still less as a "sect." They range from Jacob Boehme, the Silesian shoemaker prophet, to Sir Harry Vane, the brilliant victim of religious formalism. Boehme receives an especially thorough treatment as the most remarkable expression of purely personal religion worked out of the inner consciousness of an unlearned thinker. In fact, as Dr. Jones states in his preface, we owe the present volume to his interest in Boehme and to his discovery, through his more detailed study, that he was but one illustration of what was going on in widely separated but spiritually related minds all over Western Europe. The names of Hans Denck, Bünderlin, Castellio, Coornhert, and Whichcote will be strange to many readers, and it is a distinct service to have them brought into relation with the better-known Sebastian Franck, Caspar Schwenkfeld, and Jacob Boehme. The value of the book is increased by the admirable index, for which we have to thank the author's wife.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF WRITING.

The Beneventan Script: A History of the South Italian Minuscule. By E. A. Loew. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 21 shillings net.

In this account of the Beneventan script Dr. Loew has accomplished his task in the spirit of the great master who suggested it to him—Ludwig Traube. Starting at Traube's suggestion to write a history of Monte Cassino, Dr. Loew found that a necessary antecedent undertaking was the history of the script in use at Monte Cassino, the Beneventan, or, as it was formerly but nevermore will be called, the Lombardic hand. This history now lies before us, set in clear order on the basis of original research and penetrating analysis of countless details. A forthcoming work, "Scriptura Beneventana," will contain a hundred plates of reproductions in collotype; the present volume has enough facsimiles to illustrate the important points under discussion. In an appendix the author gives a list of over six hundred Beneventan manuscripts, almost all of which he has inspected, either in photograph or in the original. There are seemingly no important sources that have escaped his attention. The subject is connected at every turn with the larger story of which it is a part. Palæography, to be vital, is history, and not merely human history. Free will and the artistic impulse have helped to fashion styles of script, but the development of writing, viewed in the large, seems as natural an affair as the evolution of some zoölogical type.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the observer who, like the author of this book, has scientific imagination, this is an interesting process to follow.

Of all the European scripts, the Beneventan, which is simply the culmination of the characteristically Italian hand, is the most natural in its growth. The different national hands, Italian, French, Spanish, and—to take issue with Dr. Loew and the current theory—the Irish hand, too, sprang from varieties of the Roman cursive. In all the others the influence of the statelier majuscule scripts operated in the formation of new book-hands. In Italy, starting in the north, but eventually restricted to the south, the Roman cursive grew entirely by its own resources into one of the most elaborately artistic of all the hands. This is a curious career, for Italy was the home of those statelier scripts which were efficient in transforming the cursive in other countries, but which, once created, assisted in no further innovations in the land of their birth. We follow in Dr. Loew's account the beginning of the new Italian hand in the eighth and ninth centuries, its real formation in the tenth century, its acme in the eleventh and the twelfth, its decline in the thirteenth. Like nations, it had its rise and fall and its battles. The clear and finished Caroline hand, most beautiful and potent of all the scripts, the origin of the lettering on this page, invaded Italy in the ninth century and displaced all rivals in the northern and the central districts. In the south, the Beneventan script not only held its own, but grew undisturbed to maturity. It took over the useful system of abbreviations, which, thanks mainly to the Irish scribes, had become a part of the Caroline system; but in other respects it clung to its own ways. When it surrendered after its decline in the thirteenth century, the victor was not the Caroline hand, which had itself temporarily succumbed, but the Gothic.

As treated by Dr. Loew, palæography has kinship not only with history and zoölogy, but with chemistry. For him script is not merely an assemblage of letters; it consists of the elements used by the scribe in forming the letters; letters are made up of shafts and bows and these of strokes and shadings, from which we can learn the shape of the Beneventan pen. To be exact, the entire script can be resolved into short, upright strokes, bows, upright stems, descending stems, horizontal connecting strokes, and approach-strokes. When the system reached its perfection, you can find the chemical formula for every letter. In the ancient cursive, the letters flow from the pen in a stream; in the Beneventan, though it is the lineal descendant of the cursive, the scribe uses his pen rather as a brush, and makes an entity of each stroke.

But all this science is not an end in itself. It leads to history again. The careful observation of hundreds of details in letters, ligatures, and abbreviations gains criteria for dating manuscripts, thus for estimating the literature accessible, say, at Monte Cassino in some period, and thus for writing the history of culture during that period. The patient analysis of what seems hopelessly unessential and the genius for discovering in these minutiæ sure principles which guide to the larger issues are characteristic of this work throughout.

Without going into details, we would specially commend the author's convincing proof that the Beneventan hand owes nothing to the Visigothic, his account of the hitherto neglected scripts of Bari and Dalmatia, his orderly treatment of ligatures and abbreviations, and his quite novel discussion of punctuation, a little subject with large bearings. A matter of some concern to the classical scholar is the part played in the transmission of ancient literature by Monte Cassino. Not many years ago the surprising find was made of two new fragments of Juvenal in an Oxford manuscript of the eleventh century. It seemed incredible that a book so late could supplement a familiar text with genuine bits hitherto unknown, but genuine they are. It was then pointed out that, as the script is Beneventan, the book came from Monte Cassino, which, owing to its well-nigh unbroken connection with the past, might have contained treasures inaccessible elsewhere. Experts took the hint and put a premium on anything written in the hand of Monte Cassino. An Eton manuscript containing among other works Ovid's "Heroides," advanced in value after a noted scholar had called attention to its Cassinese script, and its interpolations were regarded with a more lenient eye; its text was really as bad as before. Just here Dr. Loew performs good service in showing that Monte Cassino, despite its creditable collection of ancient texts, acquired not a few of its books from the north. He further makes clear that not everything Beneventan hailed from Monte Cassino; Monte Cassino was one out of many centres. In fact, as appears from the character of their scripts, both the Juvenal and the Ovid came from elsewhere, the latter, most probably, from Bari.

In a word, Dr. Loew has given us for the first time a real history of the Beneventan script. He has combined known facts with his own discoveries in a technical and authoritative work not lacking in human interest.

A SINGULAR BOOK.

I Myself. By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

For the American edition of this book, the author provides a preface which is at the same time a key. Bernard Shaw once urged her to write more. "But I don't write well." "That's true, but remember one thing, any man can write well who will lay his soul bare to the public." The recipe is at least as old as Carlyle, who spoke of Rousseau's success in going off in self-conflagration for the edification of the neighbors. Labouchere, too, gave Mrs. O'Connor the advice to "place yourself boldly in the foreground." This she did, though it might appear at times as if she forgot his further injunctions to exercise taste and make "some reservations."

The fact is that the volume is so frank, so unveiled, so marked by the overmastering desire of the writer to sit down beside you and have one grand sentimental time over everything that ever happened to her, that it fairly piques you into reading page after page. The thing seems incredible. Really, you say, it can't go on like that. But it does from cover to cover. From her young days in Texas, her girlhood in Washington, her first marriage, her widowhood, her struggles in New York to get a foothold in the press and a livelihood, down to her going to England and marrying Mr. O'Connor, with all of the variety and interest that thereafter came into her life, she carries the reader on one mighty stream of gush. You are fascinated by it, yet you are ashamed of yourself for being so. But that is only one of the mysteries of the book. Another is the fact that you suddenly wake up at the end to the discovery that the author must have been much more than the artless prattler that you were setting her down—or, rather, that she was writing herself down. She had so many friends, sensible people, distinguished men and women, and they were immensely fond of her. How could she have concealed so carefully in these pages the qualities which they valued in her? Somehow, she didn't lay bare her soul after all. The real self was not this written "I Myself." In that fact lies the puzzle—and the appeal—of this singular book. Its like it would be hard to find.

Notes

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the publication of "The Law of Faith," by Joseph F. Randolph, and "Round the Wonderful World," by G. E. Mitton.

The Johns Hopkins Press announces the publication of "The Piscatory Eclogues of Jacopo Sannazaro," edited with introduction and notes by W. P. Mustard.

W. B. Clarke Company announces for early publication "Elizabeth Buffum Chase, 1806-1899: Her Life and Its Environment," by Lillie Buffum Chase Wyman and Arthur Crawford Wyman.

"Tales of Old New York," by Albert Ulmann and Grace C. Strachan, is announced for publication by D. Appleton & Co.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are publishing this week Henry Bordeaux's "The Awakening," translated by Ruth Helen Davis.

McBride, Nast & Co. will publish shortly Col. Frobenius's "The German Empire's Hour of Destiny," with an introduction by Sir Valentine Chirol.

"Landmarks," by E. V. Lucas, is announced for publication by the Macmillan Company.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press for immediate publication "The Message of Japan to America." The volume is prepared under the editorial supervision of Prof. Naoichi Masaoka, of Tokio, with an introduction by Lindsay Russell, president of the Japanese Society. Other volumes which have been announced for immediate publication are: "France Herself Again," by Ernest Dimnet, and "A Life of Henry Laurens," by D. D. Wallace.

The Letters and Arts Publishing Company announces for publication the latter part of this month "The Vatican, Its History, Its Treasures," by Commendatore Corrado Ricci and other authors.

Mr. Gustav Pollak, whose work on Grillparzer and the Austrian drama was reviewed in the *Nation* of January 2, 1908, has made an interesting book, entitled "International Perspective in Criticism" (Dodd, Mead; $2 net). Mr. Pollak has here brought together, with preliminary essays of his own, a large number of critical utterances on literary subjects by Goethe, Grillparzer, Sainte-Beuve, and Lowell. He has made his selections with the primary intention of exhibiting the wide outlook of all these critics over the literature of foreign nations—English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Roman, and Greek. He has endeavored also, by allowing them as frequently as possible to speak on common topics, to emphasize their essential community of feeling and their similarity of judgment on the larger questions before the republic of letters. He finds them all rising with a serene and catholic "enthusiasm for what is beautiful and excellent," above the levels of mediocrity, above the transitory fads and infatuations of current literature, and above the "provincialism of nationality." Mr. Pollak's own comment is informed with the spirit of this nobler cosmopolitanism. His presentation of Grillparzer's merits as a literary critic is a service of what Bacon finely called the "merchants of light," whose traffic in these days suffers sadly at the hands of the pirate nations. At a moment when Petrograd has de-Germanized herself, when French savants and German Gelehrten renounce their foreign honorary degrees, when the Kaiser is shorn of his English titles of honors, when every bookseller is compiling lists of works on international hatred, when the Krupp guns are supporting Gen. Friedrich von Bernhardi's contention that "the State is itself the highest conception in the wider community of man," it is restorative of one's mental equilibrium to turn aside and linger in this temple of literary concord erected by Austrian, French, German, and American builders who in the higher brotherhood of men worshipped together.

The colloquial style of Nicholas Vachel Lindsay's "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty" (Mitchell Kennerley; $1.00 net), the diary of a summer's foot-journey from Illinois through Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico, suits the easy content. The book has a sociological interest, and if it procures many readers the author will have served his purpose less by his preaching than by the report he gives of social and cultural deficiencies in the rural West. But its main appeal is as a narrative in the Borrovian manner; though Mr. Lindsay is no born observer, though he sees life one day and the next is lost in his own ideas, and though he dwells on trivialities and refuses to touch up his scenes, the matter imparts life to all the pages and sparkle to a few. Before this "special idea on legs," diggers, teamsters, red-necked politicians, harvesters, farmers, railway men, pass to be drawn with Whitmanesque appreciation. Sometimes the community is treated as a whole, as when with grave humor he depicts the Kansas Mennonites, mediæval in their abhorrence of bonnets, neckties, and organs, but riding in proud automobiles. The incidents are those which might be expected to befall a man popularly regarded as a crank, though Mr. Lindsay was able to meet the people on intimate ground. He avoided cities and fellow-tramps, and travelled penniless, now working in the fields, now peddling his literary wares. The chapters on Kansas harvesting, dealing with the twelve-hour daily struggle against burning heat, fatigue, and thirst, have vivid episodes, and in spite of the careless prose express something of the panoramic splendor of the season on the plains. Nothing of the doctrinaire intrudes anywhere, though at the end are appended "proclamations" upon the New Time for Farmers, the New Village and the New Country Community, and the Coming of Religion, Equality, and Beauty.

The naïve, hopeful creed of these proclamations merits some attention, if only as the central impulse behind Mr. Lindsay's very unequal verse; a creed of local self-dependence and idealism, it is all the more fervid for its unsophistication. A new communal self-consciousness is to arise in the West: the politician will become a Pericles and "rebuild the local Acropolis"; the priests will be men like Wesley and Newman; there will be artists like Leonardo or William Morris. The pledge and proof of a course which will shortly outstrip New England's is "the Chautauqua, which is New England's old rural lecture course; the temperance crusade, which is New England's abolitionism come again; the magazine militant, which is the old *Atlantic Monthly* combined with the Free-Soil Newspaper, and educational reform, which is the Yankee school-house made glorious." Some fairly vigorous verse inspired by this vision is scattered throughout the "Adventures."

There is nothing "donnish" about the papers contained in "The Life of a Little College" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.35 net), by Archibald MacMechan; instead an individual charm and grace color the various subjects that caught the fancy of this Canadian scholar. If the writer never intended to defend the case of the small college in the perpetual controversy, yet it must be noted that the point of view animating the various papers collected under its inspiration constitute a pleasant brief. Glimpses of a type of academic democracy that we have somehow come to associate with the Scottish institutions, of famous teachers of that fine, ripe scholarship that flourished under the "humanities," and of the traditions shed about the colonial institution by close association with the official world representing the mother country—all these memories give a definite charm to the book. Certainly, we hope with the author that the new accruing fame and growth will never obliterate, as in our experience this side the border, the splendid traditions of the small and early institution. What must the author have felt regarding this topic during his sojourn at Harvard! There, at any rate, he was privileged to be intimate with Professor Child, and quite the most attractive of his papers is that entitled "Child of the Ballads." Literary enthusiasms are gracefully presented, ranging from Tennyson and Browning, with an informal appreciation of Virgil, to Lewis Carroll's, and what the author rightly calls, "Everybody's Alice." Also, it is good to find an appreciation of "the best sea-story ever written," the little-known "Moby Dick" of Herman Melville, of which a popular reprint was recently issued. Professor MacMechan's modest argosy carries freight of definite quantity and quality, and there is no danger of his "college window" growing impatient of its immediate horizon.

It is not surprising that a second edition of Henry Baerlein's "Mexico, the Land of Unrest" (Lippincott; $2 net) should have been called for. The special correspondent of the *Times* in Mexico is nothing if not an interesting writer. In the long preface to the second edition he has amused himself by commenting on three Mexican books recently written by Englishmen. His strictures on "Modern Mexico," by MacHugh, the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, are most spicy, even if a trifle unfair. Mr. Baerlein seems to feel that Mr. MacHugh "must be a humorist" because he gives the full text of the Mexican Constitution! Another book which comes in for handling without gloves is Percy Martin's "Maximilian and Mexico." Mr. Martin has inflicted so many Latin-American books on a long-suffering public, and his general attitude is so thoroughly superficial as well as anti-American, one cannot restrain a chuckle when Mr. Baerlein commences his critique with the remark that Mr. Martin "has seen fit to continue his so-called literary labors, ..." and concludes: "I dare say that Mr. Martin, not content with the glory of his F.R.G.S., will write many another book, but I hope they will not be devoted to a country which has had of recent years more than enough misfortune." Mr. Baerlein is no friend of Messrs. Pearson & Son, and has become fully informed on the Mexican machinations of Lord Cowdray. He had a high opinion of Madero, but of Villa he says: "The career of this eminent bandit and general officer is typical of Mexico, where cotton mills and Pullman cars and thousands of industrious foreigners have not by any means expelled Romance. . . . Villa saw that as an active politician he might take an honorable place again among his fellow-countrymen. And in fact he did become a sort of national hero, a hero of the Revolution." There are many unusually interesting photographs and a few highly illuminating cartoons. However much one may differ with the author in his severely caustic criticisms of ex-President Diaz, one must admit that this is a good book for Americans to read. Furthermore, it is provocative of thought and discussion.

Another recent volume on Mexico which merits attention is "The Political Shame of Mexico" (McBride; $2), by Edward I. Bell, formerly editor and publisher of *La Prensa* and the *Daily Mexican*, of Mexico City. Although bearing the earmarks of personal prejudice and lack of perspective, it has the advantage of having been written by a man who saw with his own eyes many of the recent occurrences in Mexican history which he describes. Furthermore, Mr. Bell appears to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have been in an extremely favorable situation for acquiring information concerning the underground diplomacy of Mexico City. It is a decidedly interesting human document. Mr. Bell feels that our recent foreign policy towards Mexico, while almost invariably honest, has been also "almost invariably mistaken." Highly sensational, and as a matter of course thoroughly journalistic, his story will be read with keen interest by those who are endeavoring to unravel the puzzle of the last two or three years. His general point of view may best be summed up in his own words as follows:

With the deepest respect I wish to say that the President's published utterances on the Mexican question do not reveal a full understanding of it. The Mexican people are not fitted for self-government, in the sense in which he seems to use the expression. To stand by willingly while some millions of uneducated Indians, vastly outnumbering the cultivated inhabitants of the country in which they live, try to evolve a working democracy from a state of demoralization only to be relieved by the exercise of the most highly developed judgment, would be as cruel and absurd as to wait for a sick child to grow up and evolve the theory and practice of medicine. What the Mexicans really require is a business government equipped with every device of science, and above all with the method.

There is no doubt as to the duty of the United States; it is the same as that of every organization and every individual in relation to the general welfare, and consists in unremitting effort to extend the gains of scientific research and the use of the scientific method into all the details of human life, governmental, industrial, and personal. That is what the United States ought to do for Mexico, so far as may be practicable.

The difficulty is that each reader will differ as to what is "practicable."

Under the title of "Principles of Economics" (Holt), Prof. Henry R. Seager has just issued a fourth edition of his "Introduction to Economics." The changes in the work are perhaps not as considerable as the altered title might imply. The size and exterior of the book are substantially as they have been; the form and general appearance of the text remain unchanged, and really leave little room for improvement. The common teaching aids—marginal headings, italicized definitions, references for collateral reading—are all retained. And the purpose of the book still is "to introduce college classes to the study of the subject." Nevertheless the changes of this edition are important. Several of the theoretical chapters, for example, those on wages and interest, have been rewritten in parts; the general explanation of value and distribution has been somewhat simplified, though the theory remains essentially the same. In the part of the book dealing with practical problems, the alterations are conspicuous. The arrangement of subjects has been distinctly improved. The chapter of the third edition entitled Taxation and Tax Reform in the United States has been expanded into two chapters on those subjects; and three new chapters are added on Profit-Sharing and Labor Copartnership, Social Insurance, and Socialism. Ever since its first appearance ten years ago, Professor Seager's introduction has been one of the most satisfactory expositions of economics for class-room use. In parts it is more difficult than most of the elementary texts, but this is largely because it courageously faces the problem of developing a complete and consistent theory of value and distribution. In form and arrangement the book lends important aid to effective teaching. The improvements in this fourth edition should make the work even more serviceable and assure an even wider adoption.

The insistent demand by secondary schools for a smattering of legal knowledge has evoked a number of books, one of the latest and most elementary of which is "A Short Course in Commercial Law" (American Book Company; 80 cents), by Nichols and Rogers. Few of these handbooks aim to give the student a professional knowledge of law, and the one before us does not take him beyond the kindergarten limits of the legal domain. Its publishers insist that it "can be easily used by teachers without special legal training." Possibly it can; but we fear that such a situation would present a case of blind leading the blind. In the hands of a teacher who has mastered legal principles and who has had considerable experience in applying them to cases presented by clients, the book can be made both entertaining and useful. The subject is presented in the form of seventy-six topical lessons. It is not quite clear whether the authors intend that these shall be presented in their printed order or whether that order may be varied. For example, the topic of contracts is presented in eighteen lessons, seven of which are devoted to cases which illustrate the principles set forth in the preceding lessons. It would seem that the cases in lesson twelve ought to be discussed immediately upon the conclusion of the second lesson in the text. The discussion of cases in lesson thirteen would then follow the text of lesson three and four; and so on. Perhaps the authors planned to leave the order of discussion to each teacher. Whatever uncertainty may be felt on this point, no one can doubt that the authors have presented a perfectly clear outline of commercial law, without technicality and in a lucid style.

Mr. Cardinal Goodwin's well-written monograph covering four years of Californian history, "The Establishment of State Government in California, 1846-1850" (Macmillan; $2 net), is both a narrative of political events on the Pacific Coast during a critical period and a study in the origin of American institutions. From both points of view it will prove useful. Beginning with the first signs of American influence in this Spanish territory, the author reviews rapidly the events which led to its conquest and to the establishment of military rule. Here the book tells us little that is new. Then comes a study of the constitutional convention of 1849, its organization, personnel, and problems. To this theme the greater portion of the volume is devoted with excellent judgment. The author has managed to clear up some unfounded notions concerning the make-up and work of this famous convention. More particularly has he been able to prove that our time-honored ideas (derived chiefly from Bancroft's great History of California) concerning the domination of this body by pro-slavery politicians are without any real basis in fact (pp. 82-86). Students of political science will be interested in the author's discussion of the sources from which California drew many of the provisions which found their way into the Constitution of 1849. The framers of this document gave no heed to foreign precedents, either English or Spanish, but they did study with great care the organic laws of the various American States, and borrowed freely from several of them, taking the preamble from New York, the bill of rights from Iowa, and other provisions from the existing Constitutions of Michigan, Tennessee, and Texas. Economic events of the preceding decade, as the author shows, were fresh in the minds of these men, and the panic of 1837 showed its influence upon the sections relating to corporations and banking. The volume embodies a modest but highly creditable piece of work, based wholly on official or otherwise dependable sources. It will clarify our ideas on several rather intricate matters connected with the political and economic expansions of the ante-bellum period.

Jean Richepin writes an enthusiastic preface to the latest account of "the favorite for whose sake we forgive all other royal favorites" ("The Life of Louise de la Vallière," by Claude Ferval. Translated by Sidney Dark. Brentano; $4.00). According to M. Richepin, the original French text rests on documents and bristles with notes and references. All this learned apparatus has been shorn off from the English version, and we are left with a merely romantic narrative, which has, after all, been told more amusingly if less veraciously by Dumas.

For the student of Dutch colonization M. A. Cabaton's book, "Java, Sumatra, and the Dutch East Indies" (Scribner), with its background of experience gained in his own French colonies, will commend itself for its precision and breadth of observation. His frank admiration of the Dutch administration seems to be judicious; his enthusiasm even suggests previous experience with the old intransigent attitude of officialdom that has been charged against the British, and his own nation. But it should be mentioned that not always have the Dutch been free from criticism. The name of Gov. Daendals, "a pitiless Jacobin," survives to be execrated by both the Dutch and their subject races, while the basis for the present régime was inherited by the Dutch from the worthy and revered Sir Stamford Raffles, and inaugurated during the English occupation. In both these books the reader is agreeably surprised to find fulsome praise for the Dutch, and M. Cabaton strongly disapproves of the political generalizations of his countrymen, who urge that the future destiny of the archipelago lies under the Japanese. He regards as Utopian any plan to give all the "yellow" races of Asia and the "brown" races of the archipelago to Japan "in the name of vague racial affinities." It is not surprising to find Mr. Brown, a New Zealand journalist, also disapproving of the theory of Japanese occupation, and there is reason to support his indictment of the Chinese traders that infest the archipelago. Ruthlessly, they have exploited the easy-going, improvident native under the still easier Dutch system of paternalism, until the administration is at last devising means for the protection of its charges. A further cause for the demoralization of the native Mr. Brown attributes to "the curse of sago," the palm of which is numerous, one tree, with a half hour's labor, providing food sufficient for a family for six months. This engenders laxness, and leaves room for the vices of opium and hashish, the former fostered by the Chinese, and the latter a probable survival of the old Hindu rule.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Science

AN ENORMOUS UNDERTAKING.

Studies in Water Supply. By A. C. Houston. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

Catskill Water Supply of New York City. By Lazarus White. New York: John Wiley & Sons. $6 net.

These two books exhibit, in the one case, the most advanced sanitary treatment of public water supplies, and in the other case probably the greatest undertaking in the world for the supply of water to a single community, the latter being characterized by the highest excellence known to the engineering profession in the whole range of constructions required in the completed work.

Dr. Houston has set forth in "Studies in Water Supply" the results of his work as the Director of Water Examination for the Metropolitan Water Board of London. He states in his preface that his book is not a broad treatise on the sanitation of water supplies, but rather a monograph based upon what he has actually done in connection with the water supply of the City of London; and his results are all the more valuable because they belong to actual work on so great a scale.

In this day of excessive care as to the source of a public water supply, especially for large cities, it is both interesting and significant to observe that about 60 per cent. of the water supplied to the City of London is taken from the River Thames, and about 20 per cent. from the River Lee, "both of which rivers drain populous areas and are admittedly sewage-polluted." In spite of these apparently dangerous sources of water supply, the general health of the City of London is excellent and the rate of cases of illness due to water-borne infection is exceptionally low. The freedom of London from water-borne diseases is, as is well known, due to the maintenance of ample storage and thorough filtration of its water supply. Dr. Houston shows what investigations in this sanitary field have been made for the Metropolitan Board of London during the eight-year period of his incumbency as Director of Water Examination, particularly those relating to the treatment and purification of polluted rivers, like the Thames and Lee. The more technical parts of the book will chiefly interest experts in the sanitary treatment of potable water, but by far the greater part of what Dr. Houston has written may well interest all intelligent persons who are users of public water supplies. Among other matters he devotes a chapter to the influence of storage, which largely reduces pathogenic bacteria and clarifies the water. The beneficial effect of reducing the number of bacteria in water is indicated by his observation that for all practical purposes thirty days' storage is sufficient for the elimination of nearly all pathogenic bacteria in sources of water supply "comparable to those of London." If, after such a period of storage, the water is passed through a well-designed and maintained sand filter, it may be held to be of excellent quality for city consumption.

Although Dr. Houston is fully abreast of the most competent and experienced experts in his views as to the sanitary treatment of water supplies, he takes occasion to differ from most American sanitarians like Sedgwick, Whipple, Hazen, and others, including Dunbar, of Hamburg, and expresses doubts whether the improved health records of a considerable number of American cities are chiefly due to the adoption of filtration for their public water supplies. He does not express these views in opposition to filtration, which, indeed, he advocates, but he appears to doubt whether what may be termed the American case, that the improvement of city-health records is due to filtration, has been completely made out. American sanitarians, however, recognize "accidental" origins of typhoid outbreaks no less than he, and some of the most discriminating and effective researches ever made in cases where typhoid epidemics have originated from other sources than polluted water have been rewarded by complete success in this country during the last two or three years.

Dr. Houston's work is another effective contribution to professional literature in the field of sanitary engineering, and constitutes a direct argument of much force in favor of the early completion of suitable filters for the Croton water supply of New York city, and eventually even for the water from the Catskills. It may be doubted whether such filters for the Croton supply should be placed within the city limits when good locations far more appropriate may be found further north, on the line of the new Croton aqueduct, but there is no doubt whatever about the fact that the entire Croton supply should be effectively filtered as soon as possible.

The book by Mr. White on the "Catskill Water Supply of New York City" may be regarded as the complement of Dr. Houston's, since the latter prescribes the procedures to be followed in order to secure a public water supply of proper quality, while the former covers the requisite constructions to convey the suitable supply from its source to the community which will consume it.

Mr. White sketches briefly the history of the waterworks of New York city from the old Dutch days, when a public well near Bowling Green in connection with numerous private wells constituted the entire water supply, to the present time; but the real interest of his book attaches to the construction of the reservoirs, aqueducts, and other parts of the works required to deliver the additional water supply from the Ashokan reservoir in the Catskills, a dozen miles beyond Kingston, to the different boroughs of the city, a distance which may be taken as an even hundred miles.

The present population of New York city is about 5,500,000, the Boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn containing by far the greater part of that population. The consumption of water in the entire city is over 500,000,000 gallons per day, the Croton watershed being the principal source.

The years of low rainfall prior to 1902 demonstrated by the imminence of water famines that it was imperative for the city to seek an additional supply of water and of such volume as to satisfy rapidly increasing needs for a considerable period of years. During the administration of Mayor Low, in 1902, the sources of feasible additional supply were thoroughly investigated by the so-called Burr-Hering-Freeman Commission on Additional Water Supply. The results of these investigations showed that it was entirely practicable to obtain between 500,000,000 and 600,000,000 gallons of water per day either from the Fishkill and Wappinger Creeks and the Jansen Kill on the easterly side of the Hudson River, or from the Esopus, Schoharie, Rondout, and Catskill Creeks on the westerly side. Immediately thereafter legislation was secured by certain persons in Dutchess County which made the streams on the easterly side of the Hudson River unavailable, leaving those on the westerly side the only practicable sources of additional supply, except from the Hudson River itself; but inasmuch as the latter water would require filtration from the outset of its use as well as the construction of costly storage reservoirs in the Adirondacks, the Catskill Mountain streams were selected for the necessary additional water supply of New York city. The wisdom of this selection is enhanced by the fact that the waters of Esopus, Schoharie, and Rondout Creeks are almost ideal for a public supply in consequence of their softness and purity and their comparative freedom from pollution due to drainage of populous areas.

The present Board of Water Supply was created, therefore, in 1905, during the term of Mayor McClellan, for the purpose of constructing the works to bring the required additional water from its source in the Catskill Mountains to the city. The Board was empowered to acquire the land required for the construction undertaken, but all such acquisitions of land were finally made through commissioners of appraisal, and not by the Board.

The total area drained by the four streams named and available for the additional supply sought is nearly 800 square miles, from which it is estimated that not less than 650,000,000 gallons of water per day may be drawn even in years of extraordinarily low rainfall. On each of these basins there must be at least one reservoir in which its available water may be collected and from which the latter flows either directly or indirectly into the aqueduct leading to the city. The first of these collecting and storing reservoirs, now completed, is the Ashokan reservoir, on Esopus Creek, about twelve miles

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from Kingston. This reservoir is formed by a concrete masonry dam at Olive Bridge, 1,000 feet long and 240 feet above its foundations, together with extensive earth embankments, and it has an available capacity of 128,000,000,000 gallons. The maximum depth of water is 190 feet, and the average depth is 50 feet. It is divided into what are called the east and west basins by a dividing wall of masonry. The elevation of the water surface of the west basin is 590 feet above tide and 587 feet in the east basin. The total area of water surface in the two basins is 12.8 square miles.

It is obvious that the great capacity of this reservoir will afford unusual opportunity for the beneficial effect of storage in eliminating pathogenic bacteria, as markedly set forth by Dr. Houston, as well as for sedimentation in order to produce a clear water.

This is the only reservoir so far completed in the Catskill Mountain region, but when other reservoirs are constructed on the Schoharie and Rondout Creeks, they will discharge through aqueducts into the Ashokan Reservoir, inasmuch as the main aqueduct extends from the latter all the way to the Hillview equalizing reservoir at the northerly city line, which is also nearly completed.

This main aqueduct, extending along suitable high ground on the west side of the Hudson from the Ashokan reservoir to the Storm King-Breakneck crossing of the Hudson River, and thence down the east side of the river to the city, and having a length of ninety-two miles from that reservoir to the northerly city line, is the largest construction of its kind ever built. In its main parts its cross-section is shaped much like a horseshoe, the maximum clear height being 17 feet and the maximum clear width 17 feet 6 inches. This part of the aqueduct never runs quite full, and hence is not under pressure. The slope or grade of the aqueduct is consequently just enough to give the water the requisite velocity, averaging about 24 inches to the mile throughout the entire distance between Ashokan and Hillview reservoirs. This is called the cut-and-cover type of aqueduct, inasmuch as it is built in an open excavation along the hillsides or natural surface at the right elevation, instrumentally determined by following the proper contour. The total length of this cut-and-cover aqueduct is fifty-five miles.

Where hills or mountains were found, circular tunnels at the natural elevation or grade of the aqueduct were constructed. There are twenty-four of these grade tunnels with an aggregate length of fourteen miles. In the case of deep valleys which have considerable width and in which there is suitable rock beneath the surface, the water is conveyed in tunnels under pressure corresponding to their depth below the natural elevation of the aqueduct. There were seven such pressure tunnels about fourteen feet in diameter and with an aggregate length of seventeen miles. These deep pressure tunnels are frequently if not usually called siphons.

The largest siphon or deep pressure tunnel was that required for the aqueduct crossing under the Hudson River between Storm King Mountain on the westerly side and Breakneck Mountain on the easterly side, about seven miles north of West Point. In all this construction of the aqueduct it was necessary, before even making plans, to investigate by deep borings by various methods the character of the subsurface material down to the greatest depths contemplated, and this was particularly the case at the Storm King crossing of the Hudson, where the depth of the tunnel is about 1,100 feet below the surface of the water. There is a vertical shaft on either side of the river leading from the surface of the ground down to the horizontal tunnel 1,100 feet below. It was found by making soundings and borings in the river that, although the maximum depth of water is but little over ninety feet, the depth to ledge rock under the river-bed must be at least about 800 feet below the water surface. The usual appliances for making borings under such conditions, however, failed to reach the great depth required, and it became necessary to secure the information desired by making inclined borings from the vertical shafts on either side of the river into the rock for a distance of about 2,000 feet, so that the lines of borings from the two sides would intersect in elevation. It was thus determined that the depth of bed-rock below the surface of the river was probably not less than 900 feet, so that a depth of 1,100 feet for the tunnel, or siphon, would be judicious from an engineering point of view, and it was so built.

It is wise if not imperative to have a large reservoir near the lower end of an aqueduct like the Catskill, where a safe supply for the city for a month or two, at least, may be stored, so that in case of injury to the aqueduct or a cessation of flow from the collecting reservoir for any reason there may be afforded time to make necessary repairs without prejudicing the city's daily supply. The Kensico Reservoir, four miles north of White Plains, serves this important function. It has an available capacity of 29,000,000,000 gallons, and the elevation of its water surface is 355 feet above tide. This storage volume would make available a supply of more than a month and a half, even if as much as 600,000,000 gallons per day were being drawn from it without any discharge into it from the aqueduct.

Below the Kensico Reservoir on the line of the aqueduct, there is ample area of ground conveniently situated for the construction of filter beds whenever they may be required in the future. The long storage in the Ashokan Reservoir, supplemented by that in the Kensico Reservoir, together with the sparse population on the Esopus basin and the sanitary precautions which are being taken permanently along the Esopus Valley, make immediate filtration unnecessary. The Kensico Reservoir is now in active process of construction and will be completed before it is needed.

The remaining reservoir on the line of the aqueduct is that of Hillview, on the northerly line of the city, and it has a capacity of 900,000,000 gallons, the elevation of its water surface being 295 feet above tide. The purpose of this reservoir, situated at what may be termed the entrance into the distribution system of the city, is to afford sufficient volume to equalize the hourly variation of the city's demand in different parts of the day with the discharge of the aqueduct into it, which is essentially uniform. It is admirably placed for this purpose, and will largely add to the pressure in the distributing pipes throughout the city.

The remaining prominent features of the Catskill additional supply are the deep tunnels connecting the aqueduct with the distributing system on Manhattan Island, passing thence under the East River a short distance northerly of the Manhattan Suspension Bridge, and connecting with the Brooklyn system, and thence, finally, under the Narrows to the Borough of Richmond, thus completing the supply of additional water to all the boroughs of the city.

All the details of this unusual work, processes of construction, methods of overcoming difficulties, the handling of contracts, and the description of all features, are fully given in Mr. White's book, which cannot fail to be of interest both to the general reader and to the engineer, who will appreciate its more technical parts.

A review of such a project should not be closed without special notice being taken of one or two features of its administration. Although the magnitude of this work is so great that many of its principal features, at its inception, were necessarily shadowed with more or less uncertainty, as a whole it has thus far been completed on schedule time and within the estimated cost, two extraordinary results in the conduct of great public works.

Although they are not within the scope of Mr. White's book, it is excusable perhaps in this review to notice public statements to the effect that inasmuch as the elevation of the water surface in the Ashokan Reservoir is nearly 600 feet above tide, and as the daily flow through the aqueduct will be large, a correspondingly large amount of water power ought to be available when the aqueduct goes into use; indeed, this statement has at times been made with much insistence. As a matter of fact, there is no such available power whatever. The entire fall from the surface of the Ashokan Reservoir to the city of New York is required to overcome the resistances to the flow of the water through the aqueduct and tunnels or siphons and to give pressure in the distributing system of the city. This statement needs no explanation to engineers, it goes without saying. If the water in the Ashokan Reservoir could drop 600 feet within a short distance, and if it were not required to be used under pressure at the bottom of that fall for other than power purposes, then the flow from the aqueduct would be available for power, but not otherwise.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drama

LONDON DRAMA IN WAR-TIME—PRODUCTIONS NEW AND OLD—AMERICAN SUCCESSES.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

LONDON, October 2.

The London theatres in this time of war show little outward disturbance. Some of the successes of last season still go on, and most of the new productions arranged for the autumn have duly taken place. That they are all "doing good business" I should be sorry to assert; but none of them has met with instant disaster. Of the established successes, "Potash and Perlmutter" heads the list—it has passed its two hundredth night. Its cryptic name is familiar on the fields of France: I have seen several photographs of transport wagons at the front with posters showing not only the names but the faces of the delectable partnership. Then there is "The Great Adventure," of which, however, the end draws near; there is "Mr. Wu," there is "Grumpy," and there is "My Lady's Dress." One of the promised new productions, by the way, has been postponed. We were to have had a version of "David Copperfield" at His Majesty's; but Sir Herbert Tree, with his unfailing instinct for gesture, thought of a move worth two of that. His manifesto afforded a little humorous relief in the early days of the war. "Feeling," it began, "that the moment is one in which the theatre may fittingly be a factor in the national life, we propose to put upon the stage of His Majesty's Theatre the play of 'Drake.'" A milder "factor in the national life" than this pageant-romance it would certainly be hard to imagine. I am told that (at reduced prices) it fills the theatre nightly; and as the profits go to various relief funds, all is for the best.

The most interesting original play of the new season is "Outcast," by Mr. Hubert Henry Davies, author of "The Mollusc." It is a sad little study of a sentimental muddle brought about by a fickle woman's worldliness. The play-bill does not condescend upon the characters' surnames, and, as I have forgotten them, I must tell the story in terms of Christian names. Valentine, then, has jilted Geoffrey, and has thereby brought him to the verge of dipsomania and ruin. In the depth of his misery, he encounters Miriam, a "gay" woman, who is rather more miserable than himself. He is kind to her, and gradually conceives an affection for her, which saves his mind and character, but is far from supplanting the feeling for Valentine in his heart. There is much good in Miriam's nature, and she knows that she has no real claim upon Geoffrey; yet when Valentine, wretched in her wealthy marriage, begins to reassert her sway over Geoffrey, Miriam proves that she is a woman by an unreasonable, but none the less natural, paroxysm of jealousy. Geoffrey is on the point of asserting his freedom and taking his own way; but various little incidents lead him to realize that the very kindness he has shown her creates a claim upon him which he has no right to ignore; so he and Valentine sadly make up their minds that to attempt to patch up the original mischief wrought by her faithlessness will only make bad worse. There is in this play a good deal of knowledge of character and subtlety of feeling. Miss Ethel Levy, in the part of Miriam, makes the success which I have prophesied for her ever since I first saw her in a silly revue at the Hippodrome; and Mr. Gerald du Maurier and Miss Grace Lane are very good as Geoffrey and Valentine.

"The Impossible Woman," at the Haymarket, is a version by Mr. Haddon Chambers of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's extraordinarily able novel, "Tante"—not, I think, the same version which you have seen in America. The play is a sufficiently effective one, yet it illustrates the rule, to which there is scarcely an exception, that the better a novel is the harder it is to dramatize adequately. Mr. Chambers gives us the character-scheme of the novel, but all the richness and delicacy of the characterization inevitably go by the board. "The Impossible Woman," Madame Okraska, bursts upon us from the first as an impossible woman, a mass of egoism and affectation, whereas in the book it takes us many chapters to find her out. This is no reproach to Mr. Chambers: it is not his fault that the stage affords no room for leisurely and minute character-development. Miss Lillah McCarthy, within the limits imposed by her material, gives a vivid and daring impersonation of Tante, and Miss Hilda Bayley is very charming as Karen.

Sir George Alexander has produced a play by a new writer, "Michael Orme," who is, in fact, the wife of a well-known dramatic critic, Mr. J. T. Grein. There is a good deal of talent in "Those Who Sit in Judgment," but it has two serious defects, one accidental and one inherent. The first is an act of extreme painfulness, which, under existing circumstances, seemed quite intolerable. People who are living in a chronic state of what may be called spiritual toothache do not want to have it aggravated by the contemplation of black imaginary woes. Of course, when she wrote the play, Mrs. Grein could not foresee the condition under which it would be presented; but I rather wonder that Sir George Alexander did not postpone the production till happier times. The second defect is the strange lack of grit and fibre in the hero's character. He is presented to us as a man of bold and adventurous spirit, in whom the heroine, a *femme incomprise*, married to an intolerable Cockney bounder, finds the ideal of her dreams. Accompanied by this lady's brother, he goes off to make his fortune on a rubber-concession in Africa. There the brother dies of fever, and a complication of other disasters forms the matter of the agonizing act before mentioned. The hero comes back a hopeless failure, having lost practically all the capital of the company he has floated. The shareholders, led by the heroine's husband, overwhelm him with false accusations of gross misconduct, and he makes no fight at all against them. Only when the heroine confesses her love for him does he promise to buck up and confront his slanderers; but this promise, on which the curtain falls, is small consolation to us for the hopeless lack of backbone he has previously manifested. The action, in short, is a sad anticlimax, and it may be doubted whether, at the best of times, the play would have succeeded.

Mr. Wilfred Coleby has produced at the Criterion a bright character-comedy named "Sir Richard's Biography," in which Miss Mary Moore, for so long the leading lady of this theatre under Sir Charles Wyndham's management, takes the principal part. The play reminds one a little of "The Mollusc." The type of character presented is that of an exceedingly charming woman who has contrived to work up a reputation for saintly unselfishness, when in fact she is, in a quite amiable way, incurably self-willed and obstinate. The construction of the comedy is not very good, but it is very brightly written, and, under normal circumstances, would be a safe success.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier, having proved himself, in Shakespeare's "Henry VIII," a sort of reincarnation of that monarch as Holbein limned him, has got Mr. Louis Parker to make him the hero of a sort of peageant-play entitled "Bluff King Hal." It is an innocent, unpretending piece of work, chiefly notable for the very clever and original mounting, devised from first to last by a new artist, Mr. Hugo Rumbold. Another production in which the scenic element is of prime importance is "Mameena," adapted by Mr. Oscar Asche from a novel by Rider Haggard. Here the story is of no interest, and exists simply for the sake of some extraordinarily vivid illustrations of Zulu life. Mr. Asche has got together a large company, if not of Zulus, at any rate of unimpeachable Africans, who give wonderfully spirited representations of the epileptic dances at a Zulu wedding, of the weird ceremonies of witch-hunting, and of other incidents of South African life. The scenery, too, is very striking. The opening tableau, representing a rocky gorge with a sunlit mountain-wall in the distance, is, I think, the best piece of theatrical chiaroscuro I ever saw. Somehow, too, the artist has contrived to attain that effect of unlimited atmospheric space which all our scenic innovators are sedulously aiming at. I beg to call the notice of American students of "Inscenierung" to this production, as well as to "Bluff King Hal."

I must not omit to mention that "Seven Keys to Baldpate" was enthusiastically received at the Apollo Theatre, where it was produced by Mr. Charles Hawtrey, and very well acted. The text appeared to be entirely unaltered, and the very American phraseology did not altogether harmonize with the very English intonation of the actors. These linguistic exchanges, however, are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most desirable, and certainly the American slang did nothing to impair the enjoyment of the audience. If the piece is not a great success, the Kaiser, and not Mr. George M. Cohan, will be to blame.

You will have heard that the outbreak of war put an end to Max Reinhardt's Shakespeare Cycle at the Deutsches Theater, Berlin, but that he has since been encouraged to resume the series, on the ground, no doubt, that Shakespeare is a naturalized German, and as such entitled, in Sir Herbert Tree's phrase, to be a "factor in the national life." We went through a similar little spasm of chauvinism several weeks ago. The management of the promenade concerts, a great institution of the autumn season, proposed to boycott Wagner and Strauss, and did indeed do so for one or two weeks. But they were promptly laughed out of their "War upon Wagner," and now, as in other seasons, each Monday evening is devoted entirely to the works of the Bayreuth master. I am not very keen on Wagner in the concert-room, but I seldom miss the Friday evenings which are devoted to Bach, Mozart, and especially Beethoven. It is good to be reminded that there still exists a world of pure beauty and sublimity, and to see vast English audiences, oblivious of all international disasters, expressing their rapturous gratitude to its creators. Great is the magic which can drown, even for an hour, the thunder of the Battle of the Rivers which for twenty days has been throbbing in our ears.

"DIPLOMACY."

The inferiority of our contemporary actors to those of a generation ago in the matter of adequate artistic equipment—of that all-round competency which marked the graduates of the old stock company system—is never more apparent than in the occasional revivals of more or less famous plays, not necessarily classics, demanding, for their proper interpretation, appropriate style and diction. It receives one more striking illustration in the present performance of "Diplomacy" at the Empire Theatre. This piece, of course, except in the extreme cleverness of its mechanism, is not, in any sense, a master-work. It has no great ideas or emotions, no sincerity of purpose, no particular dramatic significance. Theatrically effective, it deals with incident, not character, and with conventional personages. But it represents a period, has an atmosphere of its own, is romantic rather than realistic, and belongs to the comedy of polite intrigue. In that mood it ought to be played. Any attempt to rejuvenate it, to bring it up to date, by suostituting modern naturalism for the more formal manners of an earlier day, and modifying the dialogue and business, must be disastrous, first, because of the obvious discrepancies it creates between the conduct of the performers and their supposed conditions, and, secondly, because of the fierce light it throws upon the artificiality of the plot. Incidentally, it must also result in a considerable injustice to the author.

This is what has been done at the Empire, not so much, perhaps, with the idea of freshening the play, as of suiting it to the capacities of the available actors. It would not be easy at this time to collect a cast equal to a representation of it upon traditional lines. Performers trained in the art of romantic or polite comedy are few and far between. On paper, the present company is an excellent one. It contains three or four popular stars, but none of them has had much experience outside modern plays and melodrama. They have not learned the niceties of precise, cultivated, incisive utterance, the secrets of an easy dignified carriage, the eloquence of controlled and varied gesture, accomplishments absolutely essential in all comedy of manners, if altogether superfluous in the crudities of realism. It may be true that the newest diplomacy is as independent of such superficial elegances as the ordinary undergraduate, but Sardou had older fashions in mind, and was writing fiction for the theatre. No one knew better than he how to use stage convention for the concealment of his artifices. Able, learned, and imaginative man as he was, he never wrote a really great drama—although he came near to doing so with his "Daniel Rochat"—because his chief aim was the making of "situations," not the study of character. Moreover, his situations, from "Dora" to "Théodora," "La Tosca," "Thermidor," and "Robespierre," were generally devised to fit the abilities of some popular favorite. Thus, he won fortune and sacrificed fame.

In "Dora," the original of "Diplomacy," he meant the heroine to be the prominent figure, but, in all the English adaptations, at least, she is entirely overshadowed by the much more picturesque figures of Henry Beauclercq, Zicka, and Stein. She has one big scene, but this requires great emotional power on the part of the actress to make it vital. The conception of Henry Beauclercq is perfectly clear. It is a type that has always won favor in the theatre, that of the polished man of the world, cool, resolute, adroit, perceptive, and prompt. Throughout the play he dominates the action by virtue of his personal prestige, and it is his ready wit that finally solves the dramatic problem. Such actors as John Clayton, Lester Wallack, Squire Bancroft, and John Hare lavished their best skill upon the part, but the finest performance of all was that of Charles Coghlan, who realized most perfectly the ideal of keen, polished, resourceful suavity. All endowed it with the graces of genteel comedy.

Mr. William Gillette, who is the Henry of the Empire cast, has not these graces at command, nor does he attempt to assume them. His diplomat is the ordinary man in the street, natural enough beyond question, but utterly undecorative and unauthoritative, without any marks of social or intellectual distinction. He is awkward, hesitant, stammering, without dignity, tact, or assurance. In the famous three-man scenes he is merely a contributory, instead of the dominant, factor. His studied naturalism robs the artificial scheme of its illusion, its suspense, and its effect. Gustav von Seyffertitz, the well-trained actor who appears as Baron Stein, makes no such mistake. Entrusted with a picturesque theatrical character, he makes the fullest use of its conventional attributes. His embodiment of the urbane, crafty, unscrupulous Russian is masterly, by all odds the best bit of sheer acting in the whole representation. Artificial and unreal it may be, but it fits the play and fulfils the author's design. The Zicka of Blanche Bates would have been more satisfactory if the impersonation of Rose Coghlan had been less fresh in remembrance. It is a clever and forcible performance, with a dash of the right romantic coloring, but somewhat lacking in brilliancy and fascination. It is most effective, perhaps, in its brief surrender to purely womanly emotion in the interview with Stein. Second honors in the representation belong to Giorgio Majeroni, who plays Orloff with fine feeling and intelligence and unaffected elegance of manner. His unconscious denunciation of Dora and his subsequent embarrassment upon discovering the mischief he had unwittingly done, are both admirable. And the Julien of Leslie Faber is a thoroughly good piece of work. The Dora of Miss Doro is fairly competent, but in no way remarkable, while the Marquise of Jeffreys Lewis is a bit of broad burlesque, entirely inadmissible in comedy. Lady Fairfax and Algie are both caricatures.

Thus the performance, as a whole, is in the nature of patchwork, in which old and new materials are intermingled with disconcerting effect. Such success as it may attain must be attributed rather to the inherent interest of its cleverly constructed story than to the consistency and skill of its interpretation.

J. R .T.

"THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE."

Mr. Louis N. Parker, greatly daring, has been generally successful in his adaptation of "David Copperfield," intended originally for Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's Theatre, London, but, in consequence of the war, now first produced by the Liebler Company at Wallack's Theatre. There are many obvious faults, as there must be in any stage production of such a work, but the general effect is to our mind more pleasing and has more of the flavor of the original than, for instance, the version of "Vanity Fair," played by Mrs. Fiske, has of Thackeray's novel. Mr. Parker takes considerable liberties with his material, but it is difficult to see how he could avoid doing so. Whole scenes and passages of dialogue are ruthlessly snatched out of their context and sequence and fitted to the exigencies of the production; but the adapter deserves unstinted credit for one thing—he rarely introduces phraseology of his own; the dialogue, almost without exception, is to be found in the text of Dickens, and the characterization as drawn by Dickens is observed with scrupulous fidelity and considerable skill. Dramatically, the piece suffers from a surplusage of characters, and would be more closely knit had a number of minor rôles which in no way assist the development of the plot been eliminated. We must, however, take Mr. Parker's version only for what it pretends to be—not so much a consistent drama as a spectacular production of the novel intended to present to our notice individual characterizations as they were limned by Dickens and illustrated by Phiz.

Thus regarded, the production at Wallack's is wholly acceptable, and no lover of that "favorite child" of the novelist need complain that Mr. Parker's touch has been lacking in reverence. The scenes, twelve in number, are conspicuously good in point of stage production, and the delay caused by the frequent changes, which on the first night somewhat prejudiced the play by keeping the weary audience in their seats till an inordinately late hour, has since been entirely overcome. The action covers the period of David's prosperity, and the plot—what there is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of it—revolves around the seduction of Little Em'ly by Steerforth and the machinations of the unscrupulous Heep. If Mr. Parker has elected to include some characters that only serve to confuse the issue, he has nevertheless been judicious in his omissions. A conspicuous instance of his sagacity in this respect is the elimination, except for allusions which are themselves unnecessary, of Dora, who might have been a temptation to a less skilful adapter and would certainly have been a trial to any actress who might have essayed the rôle.

The cast is well selected and, on the whole, eminently satisfactory, displaying care and intelligence in the interpretation of the various characters. Emmett Corrigan gives a forceful characterization of Dan'l Peggotty, erring occasionally perhaps on the side of over-emphasis, but on the whole interpreting well the rugged, big-hearted nature of the old fisherman. That unfortunate but perennially hopeful gentleman, Mr. Wilkins Micawber, is played with infectious zest and an admirable make-up by Lennox Pawle. O. P. Heggie conveys a good idea of the humility and rascality of Uriah Heep. The Tommy Traddles of Philip Tonge and the Mrs. Gummidge of Miss Louie Emery must be singled out as clever characterizations of minor rôles, and Mrs. Maggie Holloway Fisher's Mrs. Micawber is also a good piece of work. Mr. Prince Miller's conception of Mr. Dick is mildly amusing, but one may doubt whether it agrees with that of Dickens, and Miss Dorothy Parker's performance of the rôle of Little Em'ly—by no means an easy part to play—is too negative to be convincing. David Copperfield himself is well played in the pleasant, gentlemanlike manner which the part requires by J. V. Bryant. S. W.

THE PRINCESS THEATRE.

Though Horror is no longer protagonist, the Princess Theatre, under the management of Holbrook Blinn, affords entertainment which is very different from that to be found at other New York play-houses. Mr. Blinn still welcomes plays which are exotic and mysterious. A part of this relish is probably derived from a desire for the sensational; in part, it seems to rest on a love of psychology of a very special nature. As usual, there is a series of one-act plays.

The programme this week includes four pieces, which range in point of time from the present to 199000 B. C., and in respect to setting from nowhere to London. The first, "The Forest of Happy Dreams," by Edgar Wallace, sketches the delirium of a defaulter, who, having escaped to the African forest, has become a victim of fever, and who, under the influence of morphine, sees the dreams come true which in his waking moments, before he ran away, he had cherished. The girl he loves still trusts him in his financial difficulties; his jockey reports a sweepstakes to his credit, and another friend offers him money in plenty. The play is a pure fantasy, in which everything depends upon the presence and personality of the actor, and Mr. Mestayer's rich voice stood him in good stead.

For the second piece Mr. Blinn revives "The Cat and the Cherub," by C. B. Fernald, which he first produced in 1897. Laid in San Francisco's Chinatown, it catches much of the atmosphere of that strange settlement; and, though involving a murder, it is saved from the purely grewsome by a pretty love element and by Mr. Blinn's representation of Wing-Shee, the philosopher. Ah-Yoi was daintily played by Miss Polini, and to the rôle of the villain Chim-Fang, Mr. Trevor brought a quite unusual equipment, both of looks and ability.

Henry Arthur Jones's "The Goal" is third on the programme. Though it is slight, it furnishes a rich opportunity for quiet characterization. Sir Stephen Famariss, a wealthy Irish engineer living in London, is at the point of death as a result of angina pectoris. But he faces death as he faced life, on his feet and fully dressed. He is an old-fashioned type, also, in showing a mingling of obstinacy and generosity. Tragedy and comedy are nicely blended in the part. There is whimsicality, brought out by reminiscence, and there is the relentless drive of ambition checked by the knowledge that the end must soon come. Unfortunately, the suspense which gives the play its intensity seems hardly justified artistically; for it is just a bit cheap to harrow an audience with the assurance that the final attack of the disease may arrive at any moment, as it does, indeed, just before the curtain. Mr. Blinn gave a good exhibition of acting in this part.

That the audience may leave the theatre in a jovial mood, the concluding play is anything but tragic. "Little Face," by Roland Oliver, is somewhat in the vein of Mark Twain's "Diary of Adam," having all of its extravagances and little of its humor. Cave men and women, scantily dressed in skins, indulge in present-day slang and are concerned mostly about the marriage question. To some persons in the audience, at least, vulgarity seemed to be the play's outstanding characteristic. F.

"EXPERIENCE."

This interesting experiment, by George V. Hobart, which is produced at the Booth Theatre, is ostensibly a morality play. Youth, first in the company of Ambition, who is soon supplanted as guide by Experience, leaves Love and goes forth into the world. A series of episodes follow, which carry him from mere pleasure-loving to gambling, to remorse, to association with abandoned women, to cocaine, and finally back to love. Regarded purely as a morality, the work is not badly constructed, except for the melodramatic device—he is arrested by a hymn as he stands outside a church—through which he is at length dissuaded from following Crime when all other resources fail. The sound of this music directs his thoughts to his dead mother, and he returns to Love.

But the episodes of his temptation furnish the author with an opportunity to introduce several of the sensations which have outworn their usefulness for problem plays. There is an alluring cabaret in which Beauty lives quite up to her name; a scene with a complete gambling outfit; a "joint" frequented by navvies and other outcasts; and there is a scene in which victims of drugs wail in delirium. Mr. Hobart adopted a clever ruse to wring one more "run" out of these haggard features. And it is true that they lose some of their viciousness when they are so frankly labelled and when the moral is made so simple. If Intoxication exists wholly by fiat and is not supposed to have any will power, wine to excess assumes for the moment a harmless virtue. The play in this respect suggests interesting comparison with some of the moralities in the days preceding Shakespeare, when this sort of play had its greatest vogue. Was the attitude of previous audiences much the same as that of an audience of the present day in viewing sensational episodes? Is the fundamental moral of "The Nice Wanton" more assertive in its setting of low tavern life than that felt in the dive scene of "Experience"? It is an interesting psychological question which we suggest without attempting to answer.

Youth, though played with a certain sweetness by William Elliott, lacked the reflectiveness to give the part dignity and seriousness. Of the other personages a good word should be said of Miss Margot Williams, who had the two parts Intoxication and Frailty. F.

"A PERFECT LADY."

Miss Rose Stahl is seen in a characteristic part in "A Perfect Lady," which is given at the Hudson Theatre. A member of a troupe of burlesquers who are stranded at a railway junction in Kansas, she decides with two of her pals to open an ice-cream parlor in the little town and secretly to convert the residents to the new dances. As will be seen, the theme is a year or two old on the stage, and what relish the audience might once have found in the spectacle of puritanical people practicing the strange paces was somewhat blunted. Miss Stahl, as Lucille le Jambon—a name selected in part from a bill of fare as being the only French accessible—filled the rôle of one who is a lady at heart, if unpolished on the surface. Her generous, homely philosophy is, of course, made to stand out against the smug system of the townsfolk, and in the end she not only confutes the most influential bigot, but wins the heart of the minister, a not unattractive personage, as played by Harry Browne. We need not recount the plot. Enough is indicated to show the trend of the part. There are some bright lines in the play, which are enhanced by Miss Stahl's quiet, conversational tone. A remark from the lips of another character is also worth repeating. To the piano player, who thinks he has the talent to compose, though it always turns out that, when the mood is on him, he is simply creating a slight variation of some old standby, this person says: "You ought to be a wonderful composer, you have such a good memory." F.

"THE BATTLE CRY."

As a vehicle for William Farnum and Grace Elliston—and "The Battle Cry" hardly can be viewed in any other light—Mr. Charles Neville Buck's play is a rather unfortunate selection. Frankly melodrama, it contains little merit, and the interludes of moving pictures are not distinctive enough to make them seem essential to the piece. Furthermore, the theme is not unfamiliar, nor is the setting altogether fresh. It was all done a great deal better in "The Great Divide," to which play some of the incidents of "The Battle Cry" seem traceable.

The story is that of an Eastern schoolteacher who goes to Kentucky to educate the illiterate children of the mountain regions there. In the process of trimming the lamp she finds herself in some darkness as to the powder-and-shot education peculiar to that part of the country. She is brought sharply in conflict with "Bad Anse" Havey, but seems to find some satisfaction in the fact that, al-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though, as leader of the Haveys, he may have killed any number of men in open fight, he never shot a sworn foe from behind. In the end, of course, all that is strong in "Bad Anse"—and the best of it is developed by the girl herself—appeals to all that is weak in the young schoolm'am, and when he takes her in his arms and declares that he will marry her that night, she begins to realize that in this powerful mountaineer she has found the man of her dreams.

As "Bad Anse," Mr. Farnum acquits himself with distinction, and Miss Elliston gives a decidedly good portrayal of Juanita Holland, the school-teacher. She is least fortunate in a scene where, with a rifle, she defends "Bad Anse" against the feudists, but that may be traced to faulty characterization on the part of the author. Worthy of mention, also, are Donald Gallaher as Jeb McNash, Beatrice Allen as Dawn McNash, and Madeline Chieffo, Edwin Dupont, and Carolyn Duffy, who appear as school-children. "The Battle Cry" is presented by the Shuberts at the Lyric Theatre. L.

Music

TWO NEW OPERETTAS.

It is not likely that Andreas Dippel's plans for a season of light opera and operetta will be carried out as originally announced, because the war has made it impossible for him to import a complete and satisfactory French company. That he will, nevertheless, provide some interesting novelties seems assured. He made a successful beginning last week at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre with "The Lilac Domino," by Emerich von Gatti and Bela Jenbach, whose dialogue and lyrics were considerably localized by Harry B. Smith and Robert B. Smith. The humorous contributions of Robert O'Connor and John E. Hazzard to the dialogue and the play were obviously, for the most part, their own, and, while not on an elevated plane, they were never offensive. The plot into which they had to dovetail themselves is concerned with a Count, who, at a masked ball in Nice, falls in love at first sight with a girl in a lilac domino, but fails to discover her identity. While trying to find her again, he meets two friends who have lost all their money at roulette and faro. He himself still owns 30,000 francs, and this he shares with his friends, in the hope that one or the other may win a fortune. All lose, however, and at a conference they cast dice to see which of them is to be doomed to marry an heiress, for their common benefit. Upon the Count falls the task of thus sacrificing himself. Georgine, meanwhile, the lilac domino, who happens to be an heiress, too, the daughter of a Viscount, hears accidentally of that dice-throwing, and, though she, too, had fallen in love with the Count, she resents it so much that she agrees to marry her cousin. Of course, she doesn't, but comes in time to save the Count from committing suicide.

The music for this plot was composed by Charles Cuvillier, who, though a Frenchman, was trained in the Viennese school of operetta, which, for the last ten years, has exhibited more vitality than any other. He is said to have composed some serious works, and to be now in the army. Judging by his achievement in "The Lilac Domino," he is equipped for more ambitious tasks. He understands his business thoroughly, writing for the voices idiomatically and handling the orchestra with skill. Mr. Dippel had provided an excellent cast and ensemble, including a well-trained chorus and orchestra, with a competent conductor. Among the singers there is a good tenor, James Harrod, and a soprano and baritone who made a sensation. Eleanor Painter, an American girl who received her training in Berlin, proved to be pretty, vivacious, a capital actress, and the owner of a most agreeable voice, while Wilfrid Douthitt won much admiration for his fine voice and singing.

Victor Herbert, though born in Ireland and trained in Germany, might be called the American Johan Strauss. He shares with that Austrian a delightfully fresh melodic fount, a rare skill in orchestral coloring, and an amazing fertility. In addition to two works written for the grand-opera stage ("Natoma" and "Madeleine"), he has composed in the neighborhood of forty operettas, most of them tuneful and entertaining. The latest of them produced on Monday night at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, is one of the best he has composed. It is entitled "The Only Girl," and the programme states that it is adapted by Henry Blossom from Mandel's comedy, "Our Wives." But one can go further back, to Ludwig Fulda's amusing comedy, "Jugendfreunde." Thanks to Mr. Blossom's skill, the comedy has lost nothing through this double transformation. He has cleverly adapted it to musical purposes, introduced funny details in the dialogue, with suitable lyrics, and kept the whole within reasonable limits. There is hardly a dull moment.

The plot is concerned with Kim, a librettist, who wants to write an opera, but has no one to supply the music. From a neighbor's window comes floating a song which so enchants him that he sends for the musician. To his surprise and disgust he discovers that the composer of the song is a woman. He is not over-fond of women, and thinks it would be quite impossible to collaborate with one. But finally he decides to do so, and the inevitable result follows. In the third act he marries her, although many things had happened to his most intimate three friends—each of whom had married "the only girl" and had his experiences.

Those experiences are very amusing, and Joe Weber has provided a really excellent cast, nearly all the members of which not only act well, but sing well, too. It includes Wilda Bennett as the composer, Thurston Hall as Kim, and Ernest Torrence in the very amusing part of a Scotch painter. Mr. Herbert's score includes a song, "When You're Away," which runs through the whole operetta, and which will be sung soon all over the country. There are thirteen other numbers, most of them in the composer's freshest vein. H. T. F.

An advertisement reads, "Owing to the cancellation of his European dates, Godowsky will be in America this season." On the other hand, it is asserted that Godowsky is held as a prisoner of war in London, because, though a Russian by birth, he was so indiscreet as to become an Austrian citizen at the time when he was at the head of a music school in Vienna.

Ossip Gabrilowitch, despite his Russian name and origin, was allowed to leave Germany to tour the United States this season. Last season he achieved the almost unprecedented feat in Germany of playing nineteen great symphonic works with piano in historical order in several cities.

"It will be good news to piano students and lay keyboard connoisseurs," says the *Musical Courier*, "to hear that Rafael Joseffy is at work on a monumental new edition of Chopin's complete works, which will begin to make its appearance shortly. This is a much-needed piece of musical labor, for the Kullak, Mikuli, and Klindworth editions of Chopin all contain many faults and no longer are in touch with modern keyboard reforms and general twentieth-century musical phases. No one is better equipped both as a pianist and a musician to undertake the revision of the works of the greatest piano composer of all time than Rafael Joseffy."

David Sequeira, of the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, has been invited to conduct the Nicaraguan national band in concerts which it will give at San Francisco next summer. This organization, whose work Mr. Sequeira observed during a visit to his native country last July, is said to be a good one containing a number of able musicians. The problem of the conductor will be largely one of selection of material suitable for general audiences, among which people of the United States will predominate. Mr. Sequeira hopes to be able to strike a balance between the music of Latin America, which is little known in this country, and the usual classical orchestral music.

The most suggestive and valuable musical criticisms ever written are undoubtedly those of Robert Schumann. When they first appeared, week by week, in his periodical, the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, they attracted considerable attention because of their fearless exposure of musical charlatanry, and, on the other hand, their championship of the best music, new and old. He was the first to hail such rising geniuses as Berlioz, Franz, Chopin, and Brahms, and his only failure was his not recognizing the greatness of Wagner, though it must be remembered that he never heard the most mature works of that master. In 1854, when his mind was already clouded, there appeared a volume containing selections from his musical criticisms. Of these criticisms the fifth edition has lately been issued by Breitkopf & Härtel. It differs widely from the first. The editor, Martin Kreisig, is the curator of the Schumann Museum at Zwickau, and he has taken pains to compare each article with the original, as printed in the *Zeitschrift*. He has also restored a number of criticisms that had been omitted in earlier editions and supplied many valuable footnotes. Most of the previously omitted criticisms related to composers or works now forgotten; but Schumann's remarks on them are, nevertheless, worth preserving, being usually illuminating and always of literary charm.

Charles de Beriot, whose death was recently announced in Paris, was a son of Charles Auguste de Beriot, the eminent virtuoso, who has been called "the founder of the modern Franco-Belgian school of violin playing." The latter married the prima donna, Marie Garcia-Malibran, and their son, Charles, was born in Paris on February 12, 1833. He became famous as a pianist, and also as a composer of "Opéras sans paroles" for piano and violin. Together with his father he wrote a "Méthode d'Accompagnement."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Art

ART AND WAR IN LONDON.

LONDON, September 25.

Had the war been started as a deliberate crusade against art, the effect could not have been more immediate and disastrous upon artists in England. For the moment—and it will be a long moment, I fear—art simply does not exist, and it must be the same in every other capital of Europe. I suppose it is inevitable. Luxuries must go first, and art is the first of luxuries. Books have a better chance, because they are comparatively cheap, and yet publishers are reducing their staffs and their autumn lists. For the theatre also the case is less desperate, because it makes a grosser bid upon the emotions and serves with the public as a narcotic to help them forget the horrors in the midst of which they live; and yet managers can draw the crowd only by the attraction of lower prices, patriotic plays, and enormous gifts to patriotic funds. But art is for the few, for the public with finer sensibilities—and a wider purse—and art is the last thing now that London has any use for.

It was extraordinary, during the first days after England's declaration of war, to watch the usual column of art advertisements dwindle and then disappear from the newspapers. One enterprising firm endeavored to escape the general disaster by advertising a supply of artists ready to paint at reasonable prices portraits of officers ordered to the front, but it was no use; officers were busy about other things, and money was going to more immediate needs, and this advertisement, too, went the way of the rest. Nor can the papers spare the space for that other form of art advertisement—art criticism. Nobody reads anything but war news, and the art critic might as well put up his critical shutters and seek another shop, for his occupation is gone. It was, and still is, more extraordinary to walk down Bond Street, Piccadilly, and the other streets where the principal art dealers have their galleries, and to find in the once familiar windows nothing save the big printed "Call to Arms," now stuck up on every taxi and every 'bus and every free hoarding in London; or else the sort of war pictures that were popular when Victoria was Queen, or portraits of Nelson and Kitchener and Wellington hanging side by side, or old color prints of soldiers and battles resurrected from drawers and portfolios where they had probably lain, forgotten and unsalable, for years. I have even seen the place of honor in one window filled with that picture, so famous in its day, of Tommy Atkins, as he used to be, philandering with a nurse-maid in the park—a picture thought a masterpiece when Jan Van Beers painted it, and now as old-fashioned as the guardsman's short red jacket and little round cap so elaborately rendered. It would be a waste to show any other kind of work, for nobody wants paintings and prints, nobody has the money to buy them if they did. The very American, who is usually the stay and support of London dealers through August and September, has this autumn failed, frightened by the threat of financial famine and the high rates of exchange.

The desolation is more apparent behind the windows. Paintings and prints hanging on the walls when war broke out may hang there still, but the effort to change them is rare. Old exhibitions may close, but the new ones to open are the exception. Artists, whose shows have hitherto been the paying and popular event of autumn and early winter, have had to countermand their orders for frames. It is true that academies and municipalities in different parts of the country propose to hold their annual exhibitions, war or no war. In towns like Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Brighton, Bristol, I believe the big shows will be open at the accustomed dates. The larger and more important societies of artists—like the International, for one—also will probably make no difference in their arrangements. Whether there will be visitors for these shows is another matter and, anyway up till now, more has been heard of the closing than the opening of exhibitions. The Anglo-American Exposition at Shepherd's Bush will shut its doors this week, and the fine collection of the work of American artists, that in the beginning had to face the opposition or indifference of critics only to meet in mid-season the complete neglect of people plunged into the most desperate war they have had to fight for centuries, will go back to America without ever having received the attention and interest it deserves, while the galleries, with all the buildings, it is said, will be turned into the barracks England is much more in need of. Nor is it astonishing that Shepherd's Bush should make no effort to remain open when already Venice, though comfortably out of the war zone, has decided to close its big international exhibition, usually the most successful and best patronized in Europe.

London, however, has at least the consolation, if consolation it is, to know that in this respect its fate is no more unhappy than that of its allies and enemies alike. The sudden end brought to the Russian, English, and French sections at the wonderful Book Show in Leipzig, brought really to all sections, since nobody out of Germany has been able to travel to Leipzig since the last of July, is nothing less than an international calamity. And Paris, to go no further, has to deplore the loss of its Salon d'Automne, as well as smaller exhibitions, which I know, judging from the preparations for them, would have been of equal importance and interest.

When there is next to nobody to show his work, to advertise it, to write about it, to buy it, the outlook for the artist is not particularly cheerful. Much as he might like to, he cannot live on art alone. During an interval he must reconcile himself somehow to the fact that he is one of the most superfluous members of the community and, worse than this, he must suffer accordingly. He already feels the pinch, whether he is the fashionable portrait painter whose plentiful sitters are now fading fast away, or the unknown struggler who has lost his last hope of the unexpected sale that was to set him upon his feet again. Reports have come to me from every side of commissions cancelled and work unpaid for, the moratorium not proving an unmixed blessing. The illustrator, who of old prospered on war, is not much more fortunate than the painter, for the present censorship is strict and only the photographer seems able to evade it. Altogether, if England is looked upon as the safest refuge for the French artist and the Belgian, if Americans from their colonies in Paris and Etaples begin to establish themselves in London, the English artist knows that at home now there is no place for him, and he, for his part, is hurrying away to New York or Chicago, where the Belgian refugee is not the sole consideration—that is, if he has not turned soldier or Red Cross aid, or private constable, or harvester and farmer.

Possibly, when the period which spells ruin for him can be viewed in the right perspective, the artist will learn that art did not stop so suddenly as he, looking on from too near, imagines. War did not put an end to the career of the Florentines, the Spaniards, the Dutchmen; David and his influence did not perish with the Revolution, nor were the Impressionists lost in the storm of 1870. Indeed, I have heard it prophesied that only good for art will emerge from the present ordeal, that the result will be a healthy weeding-out and a fresh inspiration, that only the fit among the thousands of artists in England will survive the struggle, that the survivors will be helped to rid themselves of the fads and poses which lately have been undermining their sanity and vigor.

Certainly, it is not to be denied that there are far too many artists in England, or, rather, far too many men and women who call themselves artists because they have dawdled through art schools and set up studios; and art will be the healthier if they are left so far behind in the race that they can never catch up again. Nor can it be denied that, of late years, there have been far too many signs of decadence not only in England, but in all the countries of Europe to which even peace, when it comes, will be long in bringing either the inclination or the leisure for art—in Russia, where Pabst and the Russian ballet seemed leading the way headlong to exaggeration; in Germany, which has been given over to Post-Impressionism and its attendant follies with the same zest that made the Germans a few years ago the chief prey of L'Art Nouveau, now happily dead; in France, which apparently had outworn its fine old courage in inaugurating new movements, as though it realized it had done its fair share of this work for the world; in England, which has been reëchoing feebly and clumsily the worst absurdities of Continental Cubists and Futurists, inventing Vorticism, and proclaiming its ineptitude in a journal where the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lowest level in illustration, type, and printing is reached and made a virtue of. It may be that the art schools and the studios will be swept free of the dawdler and the amateur. It may be that the air will be cleared of exaggerations, puerilities, and affectations much as, according to certain scientific authorities, the world will be cleared of hundreds and thousands of its excess population by the useful scourge of war, useful, they say, because it restores a juster balance, less fierce competition, and easier prices.

But these promises for the future are scarcely more consoling to the artists who are being purified than to the excess population that is being killed off. Whatever may be the ultimate reward, there can be no doubt of the present distress, which will last, unfortunately, not merely as long as the war, but during the years Europe will take to recover from the tragedy. The world will be so much the poorer by the good work left undone, the great commissions never given, and the poor artist will have to exist through the interval with what patience and hope he can muster. But one good thing has so far resulted to the lover of art in London. In the face of real war the suffragists' "militancy" seems too sorry a farce for any one to bother about, and the national galleries and museums are once more open to the public. And the horror with which the colossal crimes of Rheims and Louvain have filled the world should put an end to all vandalism, great or small, forever more. N. N.

"The Meaning of Art," by Paul Gaultier, translated by H. and E. Baldwin (Lippincott), is dedicated to Henri Bergson and is introduced by a letter of sixteen pages from the pen of Emile Boutroux. The first chapter, covering more than one-third of the volume, is entitled What is Art? It contains practically all the important matter; the other chapters, devoted to questions relative to The Rôle of Art and The Value of Art, being given largely to the discussion of minor subjects of less significance. After noting the obvious fact that "their utility alone does not entitle the fine arts to be called such" (p. 7), M. Gaultier holds justly that "Art must not be confused with Logic," or, in other words, that the fine arts cannot be held to aim at the true, as so many of the modern realists tacitly claim. This contention, coming from a Frenchman, is especially welcome. He also well shows that fine art does not "aim at the good or perfect" (p. 9); and concludes that it suffices to say of art that it produces beauty. When, however, he asks, "What is beauty?" he gives us a strangely unsatisfactory reply. "Beauty," he tells us (p. 25), "is nothing more than that agreeable emotion which we feel in the presence of beautiful things." But when we seek to discover what is meant by this "agreeable emotion," we find no indication whatever that the pertinency of such a question has occurred to our author. We are thus left in the air, as we should not be if he had really studied with thoroughness the modern literature of the subject.

Although M. Gaultier's book in itself is thus a disappointment, M. Boutroux's Introduction is a gem worth cherishing. With inimitable grace the latter examines two points made by M. Gaultier. First, whether art, properly so called, is the realization of beauty, and secondly, whether beauty is æsthetic emotion made objective. In relation to the first point, M. Boutroux holds that in our complex life the realization of beauty can never possibly be the exclusive aim of art; "for beauty is not an end, it is a means" (p. xi). Turning to the second point, M. Boutroux denies that æsthetic feeling is only an emotion; affirming that this view involves the contention that "the living soul could throw aside all the traditions of the past, and create for itself alone, *ex nihilo*, the form that would express its impressions" (p. xvi); and would thus be an exception to the general laws of objectification. This introductory letter of M. Boutroux's is, in fact, of far greater literary and philosophical value than the work it introduces, and itself makes the book an important addition to the æstheticians' library. The volume is handsomely illustrated with thirty-six photographic plates.

Finance

FORECASTS.

It is now an old story that when the Stock and Cotton Exchanges closed on July 30 we should have to look for the drift of things to the money market, the grain market, and the foreign exchange market. The money market held the centre of the stage as an index to the situation, for about one week. It told of the London situation in the last week of July by the rise in the Bank of England rate to 10 per cent.—a level not reached since the disastrous London panic of 1866, and touched on only one other occasion in the past century. That was a prompt and sure foreshadowing of the events of the next week, in which London, dealing with perhaps the most formidable panic situation in a hundred years, adopted the 1907 plan of Nevada, Oklahoma, and California in declaring extra bank holidays by legislative decree, and in which every great nation in the world, excepting Germany and the United States, declared a moratorium on debts.

This moratorium largely upset the value of the money market as an index; because people in trouble will not bid high rates when their loans have been forcibly extended. But along with the consequent subsiding of sensational activity in the money market, the wheat market came into the limelight. Reflecting first, by a decline at Chicago from 98¼ cents a bushel on August 10 to 87½ on August 17, the momentary prospect of having our whole foreign trade imperilled by two powerful hostile fleets and by consequent inability to send our grain to Europe, that market next, when channels of commerce were reopened, began to measure by its action the prospect of a long or a short war. It promptly gave its prediction for a long and obstinate war. Such a contest would point to a higher price for wheat; and, in line with the drift of financial sentiment on Wall Street, the wheat trade evidently assumed that initial German successes merely meant prolongation of the war. In fact, the rise in wheat, from the August price of 87½, to $1.21, on September 4, occurred in the very period when von Kluck was swinging triumphantly down to the gates of Paris.

As with all speculative markets which serve as a forecast to conditions developing outside, the wheat market overdid its "discounting" process, or else was driven next to an altered view of the probable duration of the war, due to the German army's retreat. From the $1.21 price of September 4, when the battle of the Marne was being fought, the price fell back by September 15, to $1.00⅞. That was the date when the Germans ceased retreating; from that price, wheat advanced again, between then and the middle of October, to a price 10 or 15 cents a bushel higher, around which it is now apparently awaiting some new and sensational turn in the war news. Precisely when the wheat market, two or three weeks ago, ceased to move violently, the foreign exchange market became the centre of things in the field of financial prophecy.

The course of foreign exchange had already foreshadowed developments in two directions—first, in the matter of the absolute breakdown of international credit facilities generally, but, secondly, in the doubt as to what was to be the commercial and industrial position of the United States, under the war conditions, towards the rest of the world. The amazing price of $7 in the pound sterling, touched on August 3, reflected the momentary possibility that all the relations of international finance throughout the world would collapse as a result of war.

The rate fell rapidly when this possibility disappeared; but sterling exchange remained far above what ought to have been the highest possible level in a normal market. Ranging, during September and the first half of October, between $4.92¾ and $5.06, whereas $4.89½ is traditionally the highest attainable figure, the foreign exchange market absolutely pointed to the seeming probability that our market either could not or would not meet its accruing foreign liabilities. It was presently evident that we were willing to meet them. But the question remained of our ability to do so, especially with London reluctant to extend maturing American indebtedness, with our cotton trade with Europe decimated, and with $2,000,000 excess of merchandise imports during the first two months of war, as against an export excess of $97,400,000 in the same months last year.

But from 4.97 at the opening of last week, exchange on London broke with exceptional violence, until it touched last Monday 4.89, the first rate on a normal and familiar basis since the war broke out. In part, this highly sensational movement was a response to the effective work of the "bank pools," formed to provide properly for the maturing foreign indebtedness of New York city and other American borrowers; in part, also, to the increased purchases in this country by the belligerent states; to the sudden and rapid increase in our exports; to England's admis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion of our right to send our cotton, even to Germany, and to a consequent doubling and trebling of our weekly shipments of that staple.

But it also pointed unmistakably to belief in the strongest financial quarters, that return to a normal position, both at home and in the field of international finance, is now before us. No doubt, this movement of recuperation will be slow; but the character of the financial phenomena which have accompanied the outbreak of this extraordinary war has made the market for international exchange the index, in an exceptional degree, to the shifting phases of the real situation, both in this country and in Europe.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Abbot, P. The Little Gentleman Across the Road. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Bacon, A. F. Beauty for Ashes. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Brady, C. T. Britton of the Seventh. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
Fitzhugh, P. K. In the Path of La Salle. Cromwell. $1.25 net.
Fox, Marion. Ape's Face. Lane. $1.25 net.
Hughes, R. The Last Rose of Summer. Harper. 50 cents net.
Jordon, E. May Iverson's Career. Harper. $1.25 net.
Leacock. S. Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich. Lane. $1.25 net.
Leonard, M. F. Susan Grows Up. Cromwell. $1.50 net.
Lincoln, J. C. Kent Knowles: Quahaug. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Martin, G. M. Selina. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Meynell, V. Modern Lovers. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
Sabin, E. L. Scarface Ranch. Cromwell. $1.50 net.
Sinclair, M. The Three Sisters. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Snaith, J. C. Anne Feversham. Appleton. $1.35 net.
The Pastor's Wife. Anonymous. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
The Woman Who Came at Night. By a Minister. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
Watts, M. S. The Rise of Jennie Cushing. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Weale, B. L. P. The Eternal Priestess. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
Wells, H. G. The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Wetmore, A. D. The Climber. Baltimore: Norman, Remington Company. 75 cents net.
Williamson, C. N. and A. M. A Soldier of the Legion. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Wolzogen, E. von. The Third Sex. Macaulay. $1.15 net.
Wright, R. The Open Door. McBride, Nast. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bulfinch, T. Mythology. Cromwell. $1.50 net.
Cooper, C. S. The Modernizing of the Orient. McBride, Nast. $2 net.
Finck, B. Musings on the Lounge. Louisville, Ky.: L. P. Morton & Co.
Fitzgerald, E. Dictionary of Madam De Sévigné. Eversley Edition. Macmillan. Vols. I and II. $3 net.
Fosbroke, G. E. Character Reading through Analysis of the Features. Putnam. $2.50 net.
McSpadden, J. W. Waverley Synopses. Synopsis of Dickens's Novels. Shakesperian Synopses. Cromwell. 75 cents each net.
Marden, O. S. Hints for Young Writers. Cromwell. 75 cents net.
Marden, O. S. I Had a Friend. Cromwell. 50 cents.
Newbolt, Henry. The Book of the Blue Sea. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.
Stevenson, R. L. Fables. Scribner.
Stewart, T. M. Symbolic Teachings. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co. $1.25 net.
Sturgeon, M. C. Women of the Classics. Cromwell. $2.50 net.
Tierney, R. H. Teacher and Teaching. Longmans, Green. $1 net.
The Sir Roger De Coverley Papers, from the *Spectator*. Edited by N. A. Griffin. Holt.
Thompson, A. S. Sunshine Record Book. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Williams, C. L. As If. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. $1 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Athearn, W. S. The Church School. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
Embury, A. Early American Churches. Doubleday, Page. $2.80 net.
Grenfell, W. Y. The Prize of Life. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Keyser, C. J. Science and Religion. New Haven: Yale University Press. 75 cents net.
Laselle, M. A. The Young Woman Worker. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Lawrance, M. Sunday School Organized for Service. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Miller, J. R. Finding God's Comfort. Cromwell. 50 cents net.
Moore, G. F. Metempsychosis. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Ninety-eighth Annual Report of American Bible Society. 1914. American Bible Society.
Orcutt, W. D. The Madonna of Sacrifice. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Randolph, J. F. The Law of Faith. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Rashdall, H. Is Conscience an Emotion? Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Rauschenbusch, W. Dare We Be Christians? Boston: Pilgrim Press. 35 cents net.
Students and the World-wide Expansion of Christianity. Edited by F. P. Turner. New York: Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. $1.85 net.
Wilm, E. C. Henri Bergson: A Study in Radical Evolution. Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.25 net.
Winchester, B. S. The Youth of a People. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Crothers, S. McC. Meditations on Votes for Women. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Davis, H. A. The Judicial Veto. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Glasgow, M. Life and Law. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Hobson, C. H. Export of Capital. Macmillan.
Hollander, J. H. The Abolition of Poverty. Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
Howe, Daniel W. Political History of Secession. Putnam.
Jay, Julius. Open-Air Politics. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Kennedy, S. The Pan-Angles. Longmans, Green. $1.75 net.
Mathews, N. Municipal Charters. Cambridge: Harvard Universtiy Press.
Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Vol. XLVII. Published by the Society.
Russell, Charles Edward. Doing Us Good and Plenty. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Shorey, S. F. Human Harmonies and the Art of Making Them. Desmond FitzGerald. 50 cents net.
Simpson, G. The Naval Constructor. Van Nostrand. $5 net.
Stocking, Charles Francis. The Diary of Jean Evarts. Freeport, Illinois: Standard Publishing Co. $1.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Atherton, G. California: An Intimate History. Harper. $2 net.
Bernbaum, E. The May Carleton Narratives, 1663-1673. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Brereton, C. Who Is Responsible? Putnam. 50 cents net.
Bronson, W. C. The History of Brown University. Providence: Published by the University.
Collier, Price. Germany and the Germans. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Couper, W. J. The Millers of Haddington. Dunbar and Dunfermline. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.
Foley, J. W. The Letters of William Green. McBride, Nast. $1 net.
Franklin, F. M. The Great Crime of 1914. Putnam.
Gardiner, J. H. Harvard. Oxford University Press. $1.50 net.
Hart, A. B. The War in Europe. Appleton. $1 net.
Hudson, W. H. The Man Napoleon. Cromwell. $1.50 net.
Hunt, G. Life in America One Hundred Years Ago. Harper. $1.50 net.
Monroe, W. S. Bulgaria and Her People. Boston: The Page Co. $3 net.
Pennell, E. R. and J. Our Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $7.50 net.
Powys, J. C. The War and Culture. G. A. Shaw.
Reid, Stuart. John and Sarah, Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. Scribner.
Roberts, E. Monarchical Socialism in Germany. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Sanchez, N. Spanish and Indian Place Names of California. A. M. Robertson. $2 net.
Sears, Lorenzo. John Hay: Author and Statesman. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
Stearns, F. P. The Life and Genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Badger. $2 net.
Steiner, B. C. The Life of Reverdy Johnson. Baltimore: Norman, Remington Co. $2.50 net.
Steveni, W. B. The Russian Army from Within. Doran. $1 net.
Weyth, J. A. With Sabre and Scalpel. Harper. $3 net.

TRAVEL.

Barting, M. Around the World in Any Number of Days. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Jackson, C. T. The Fountain of Youth. Outing Publishing Company. $2 net.
Kolb, E. L. Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico. Macmillan. $2 net.
Mitton, G. E. Round the Wonderful World. Putnam.
Roosevelt, Theodore. Through the Brazilian Wilderness. Scribner. $3.50 net.

POETRY.

Durand, R. A Handbook to the Poetry of Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
Jacobus, D. L. Poems. New Haven, Conn.: Harty-Musch Press.
Leland, C. G. Hans Breitmann's Ballads. Houghton Mifflin. $7.50 net.
Monroe, H. You and I. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Neustadt, Eugène. The Rout of the Frost King. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. 75 cents net.
New Songs of Zion. Edited by Samuel Roth. Privately printed.
Noguchi, Yone. The Spirit of Japanese Poetry. Dutton. 70 cents net.
O'Hara, J. M. The Ebon Muse and Other Poems. From the Text of Léon Laviaux. Portland, Me.: Smith & Sale. $2 net.
Songs and Sonnets for England in War Time. Lane. 75 cents net.
Stacpoole, H. DeVere. The Poems of François Villon. Lane. $3 net.

SCIENCE.

Drake, Durant. Problems of Conduct. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.
Griffis, W. E. The House We Live In. Funk & Wagnalls. 60 cents net.
Hegner, Robert W. The Germ-Cell Cycle in Animals. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Henderson, G. R. The Cause and Cure of Crime. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net.
Herrick, G. W. Insects Injurious to the Household and Annoying to Man. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Lancaster, Maud. Electric Cooking, Heating, and Cleaning. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.
Redfield, Casper L. Dynamic Evolution. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Sherman, H. C. Food Products. Macmillan. $2.25 net.
Story, Josephine. For the Comfort of the Family. Doran. $1 net.
The Book of Little Houses. Countryside Manuals. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Thompson, J. M. Wild Kindred of Fur, Feather, and Fin. Chicago: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.25 net.
Ward, J. J. Insect Biographies with Pen and Camera. Stokes. $2 net.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Zinsser, Dr. Hans. Infection and Resistance. Macmillan. $3.50 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Curtis, E. W. The Dramatic Instinct in Education. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Huckel, O. Wagner's "Rienzi." Cromwell. 75 cents net.
Huckel, O. Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman." Cromwell. $1.25 net.
McSpadden, J. W. Stories from Wagner. Cromwell. $1.50 net.
Noyes, A. Rada. Stokes. 60 cents net.

ART.

Phillips, D. The Enchantment of Art. Lane. $2.50 net.
Plowman, G. T. Etching. Lane. $1.50 net.
The Architectural Quarterly of Harvard University. Vol. II. No. IV. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

JUVENILE.

Allen, C. S. The Bird Friends of a Country Doll. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Ames, F. The Boys of Eastmarsh. Cromwell. $1.25 net.
Curtin, J. Fairy Tales of Eastern Europe. McBride, Nast. $1.50 net.
Cutting, M. S. A Christmas Tale. Doubleday, Page.
Danielson, F. W. The Animal School. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Fairy Tales from Hans Christian Andersen. Illus. by D. S. Walker. Doubleday, Page.
Gordon, E. The Butterfly Babies' Book. Rand, McNally.
Hopkins, W. J. The Doers. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Kunos, I. Forty-four Turkish Fairy Tales. Cromwell. $3 net.
O'Neill, Rose. The Kewpie Kutouts. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Park, J. E. The Rejuvenation of Father Christmas. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Scott, A. M. The Flower Babies' Book. Rand, McNally.
Spyri, J. Moni the Goat Boy. Cromwell. 50 cents net.
Stacpoole, H. DeVere. Poppyland. Lane.
Steedman, A. Legends and Stories of Italy. Putnam.
The Arabian Nights Entertainments. Rand, McNally. $1.35 net.
Weir, Hugh C. Cinders. Chicago: W. A. Wilde Co. $1 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Greenfield, E. V. Brief Summary of German Grammar. Heath.
Hall, G. All Spanish Method. First Book. World Book Company.
Harry, J. E. The Greek Tragic Poets. Vol. IX. University of Cincinnati Press. $2 net.
Learned, W. S. The Oberlehrer. Harvard Studies in Education, No. 1. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Stoner, W. S. Natural Education. Childhood and Youth Series. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.
Taylor, J. S. A Handbook of Vocational Education. Macmillan. $1 net.
Ulmann, A., and Strachan, G. C. Tales of Old New York. Part I. Appleton.
Young, E. F., and Field, W. T. Young and Field Literary Readers. Book Three. 48 cents net.
Young, E. F., and Field, W. T. Young and Field Literary Readers. Book Four. 52 cents net.

Just Ready

Simeon Strunsky's Belshazzar Court

Or, Village Life in New York City

Simeon Strunsky, who can and actually does write real humor which is wise and yet not old, which is new and yet not smart-alecky. Sketches of American city life, most of which have appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly." By the author of *"Through the Outlooking Glass."* *$1.25 net.*

Archibald Henderson The Changing Drama

By the author of *"George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works," "European Dramatists,"* etc. *$1.50 net.* Discusses significant changes in the drama itself rather than individual dramatists.

Henry Holt and Co. 34 W. 33d St. New York

Scientific Method in Philosophy

Lowell Lectures for 1914

By HONORABLE BERTRAND RUSSELL, M.A., Cambridge, England. *Pp.* 246. *8vo; cloth Price,* $2.00.

Our present philosophical age is one of bewildered groping, and according to Russell the time has now arrived when this unsatisfactory state of things can be brought to an end. He proposes to take certain philosophies as examples, and to show why their achievements have not been greater. Professor R. M. Wenley of the University of Michigan says. "Every student of philosophy must reckon with these Lowell lectures."

OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO.
CHICAGO and LONDON.

UNITARIAN LITERATURE FREE
Address MRS. STARKES WHITON,
HINGHAM CENTER, MASS.

This week's issue of THE NATION comprises 9,331 copies: of this 7,132 go to paid subscribers and 1,201 go to exchanges or are sent out as free copies. The average weekly newsstand sales during the six months from April to September, 1914, were 656 copies.

In view of the large library and college and family circulation of THE NATION, it is safe to assume that not less than 20,000 people read it each week.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS

First Folio Edition. Edited by Charlotte Porter. 40 vols. Cloth, 75c. per vol.; leather, $1.00 per vol.

"By all odds the best edition now accessible."—[*The Living Age.*

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO., NEW YORK

LIFE IN AMERICA ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

By GAILLARD HUNT

A picturesque survey of the customs, tastes, hospitalities, politics and amusements of our people at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

$1.50 net

HARPER & BROTHERS

THE STORY OF EDINBURGH CASTLE

By LOUIS WEIRTER, R.B.A. *$5.00 net*

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO., PHILADELPHIA

The Nation

At Leading Book Stores

THE NATION is on sale at leading book stores and newsstands throughout the United States and Canada. Our readers will confer a favor by reporting to us any newsstand or book store at which they are unable to obtain copies of THE NATION. If you desire to secure a copy regularly through the newsdealer, during temporary sojourn at any place, it is a good plan to give him a regular order. List of dealers in a number of cities where THE NATION may be obtained is as follows:

Ann Arbor, Mich., H. Stofflet.
Atlanta, Ga., Miller's Book Store.
Baltimore, Md., Newsstand, Hotel Belvedere.
Beloit, Wis., E. A. Nelson.
Buffalo, N. Y., Iroquois Hotel Newsstand.
Chicago, Ill., A. C. McClurg & Co.
Chicago, Ill., A. Kroch.
Cleveland, O., Pushaw Stand in Superior Arcade.
Decatur, Ill., W. T. McFadden.
Galesburg, Ill., G. A. Swenson.
Hartford, Conn., H. P. Koppelman.
Milwaukee, Wis., T. S. Gray Co., 104 Wisconsin St.
Ithaca, N. Y., D. Mayers.
Monmouth, Ill., H. G. & C. A. Johnson.
New Orleans, La., C. E. Staub.
New Orleans, La., G. E. Hill.
Newport, R. I., A. Barker.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Boggs & Buhl Book Dept.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Horne's Book Dept.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Jones Book Shop, 416 Wood St.
Richmond, Va., Richmond News Co.
San Francisco, Cal., Golden Gate News Co.
Savannah, Ga., J. Gardner.
Springfield, Mass., Hotel Kimball Newsstand.
St. Louis, Mo., Philip Roeder Book Store, 703 Locust St.
Toronto, Canada, Prince George Hotel Newsstand.
Washington, D. C., Newsstands at National, Willard and Shoreham Hotels; Adams News Depot, 622 9th Street.
Winnipeg, Canada, F. R. Morris.

Putnam Books

My Path Through Life

By LILLI LEHMANN.

"The Most Important Biography of the Year."

8vo. 500 pages. 50 Illustrations. $3.50.

This autobiography will be eagerly received by the world-wide public the great prima-donna has charmed. Nor will interest be confined to the music lover. Her struggles in Berlin, her experiences at the Viennese Court, her collaborations with Wagner are among the many entertaining chapters of this notable work.

Political History of Secession

TO THE BEGINNING OF THE CIVIL WAR

By DANIEL WAIT HOWE.

Author of "The Puritan Republic," "Civil-War Times," etc. 8vo. $3.50.

The author traces the causes, of which slavery was the chief, but by no means the only, one that led to the Civil War. It is an important contribution to a momentous period. The facts have been arrayed in such a way as to give them a new interest and to enable the reader to understand the issues and the attempted compromises that antedated the final outbreak.

The Law of Faith

With a Lawyer's Notes on the Written Law.

By JOSEPH F. RANDOLPH.

8vo. About 300 pages. $1.50.

This book discusses what Faith is and *how* it leads men to God. It assumes that the Bible words are their own best interpreter—to be read by millions of plain men and women, hence simpler than any of the systems and theories built around them.

The writer of the book addresses it to readers, learned and unlearned, as a question which concerns them all—

WHAT HAS FAITH TO DO WITH SALVATION?

New York G. P. Putnam's Sons London

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED